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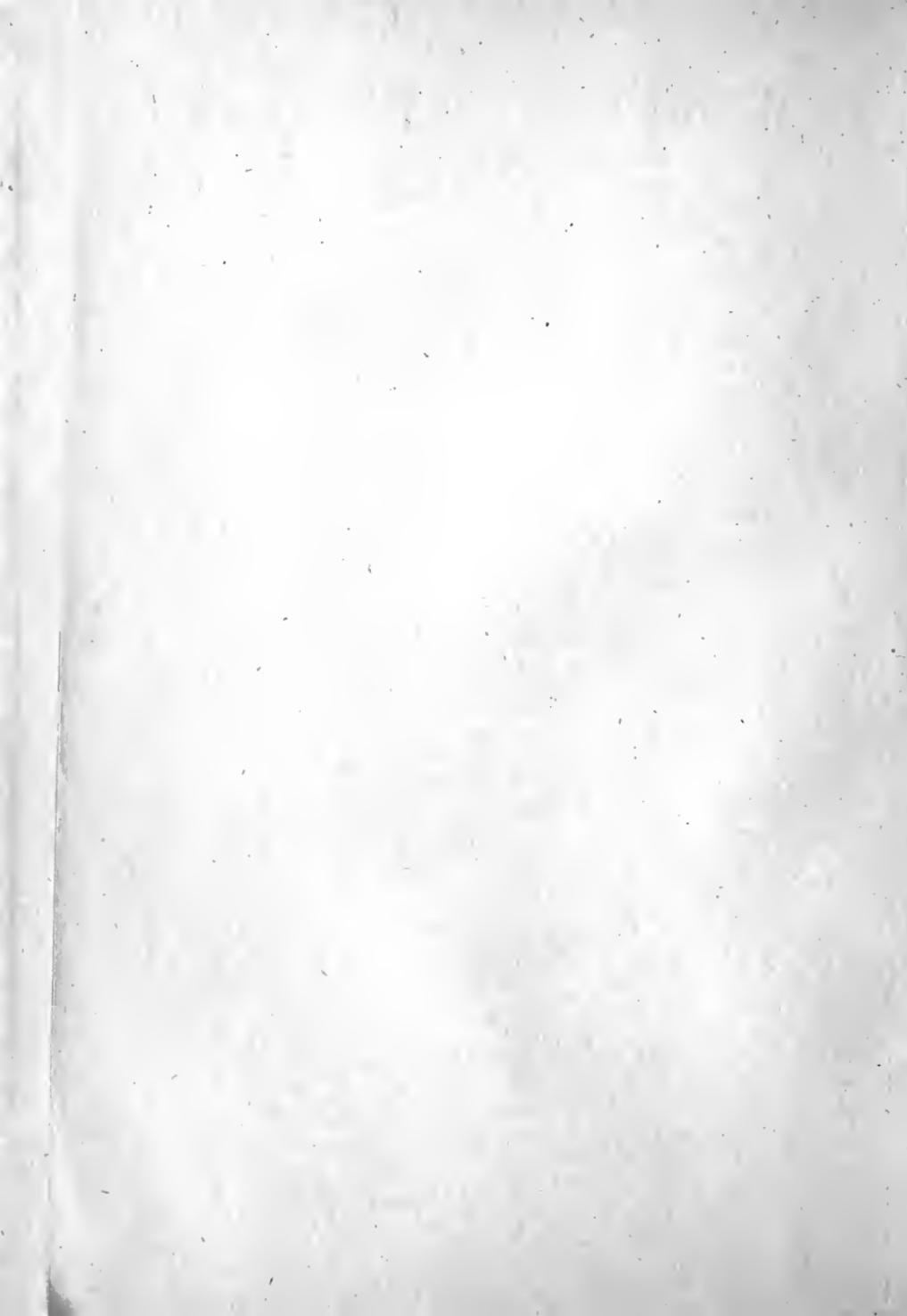
Book 2

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POEMS WITH A PUNCH

For

PATRIOTIC PEOPLE

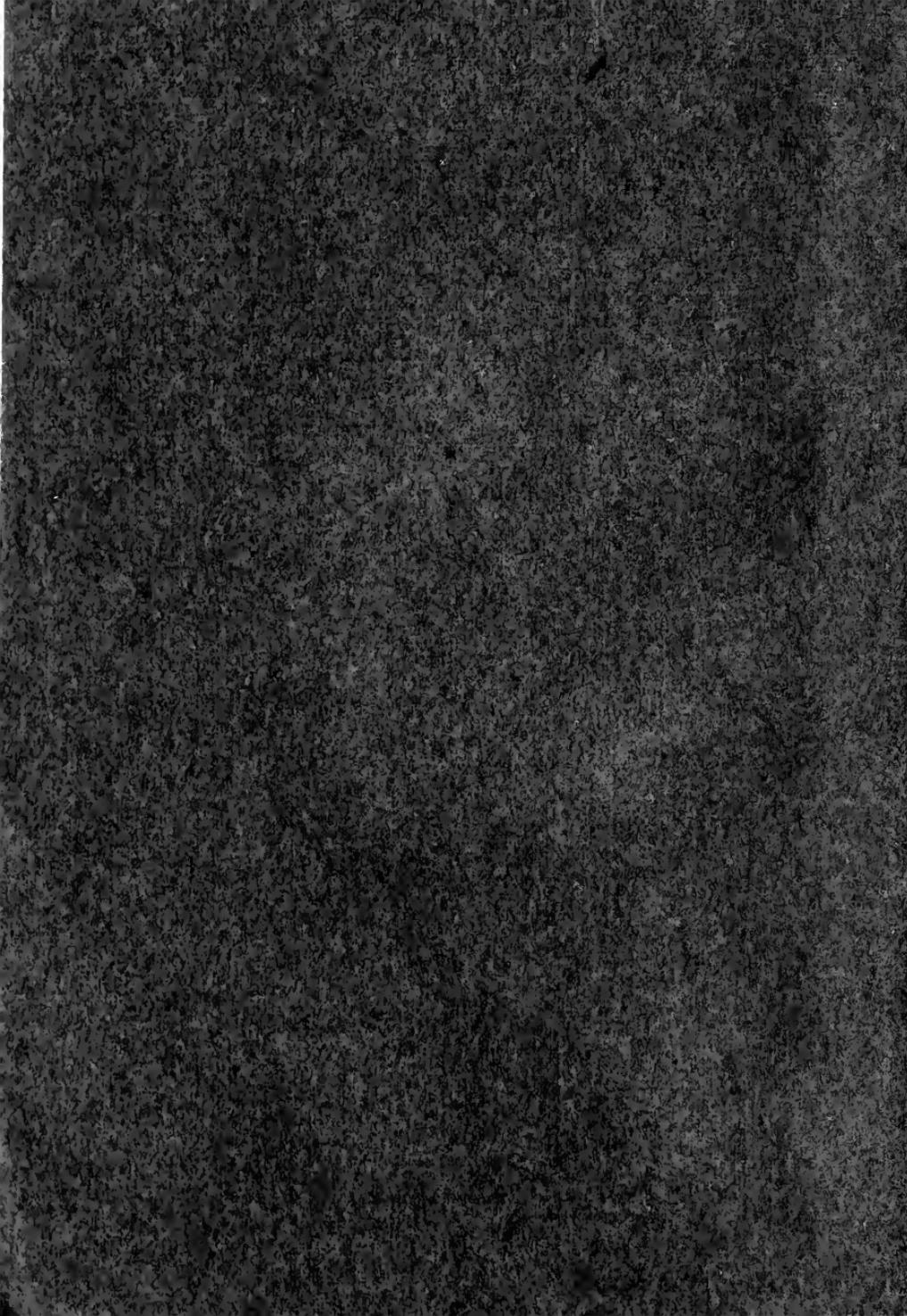


“Zero!”

H. E. NEGLEY

Author and Compiler

Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.



POEMS WITH A PUNCH

For

615
1870

PATRIOTIC PEOPLE



Published by
H. E. NEGLEY
Author and Compiler
Indianapolis, Indiana, U. S. A.

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PREFACE

This little volume has been prepared, with the original work of the compiler and other selections either germane or entertaining, with the especial ends in view, first, of describing certain phases of the world's greatest war as they are, without gloss or reservation, and stripped of sentimentalities. For such descriptions the author stands alone responsible and assumes all responsibilities. Second, of describing certain phases of the life of the soldier, and of the home-folks left behind, as others have not done or attempted. And third, of providing a little volume of convenient size which the soldier may "pack in his old kit bag," and which may serve to entertain during the rest hour, as well as to assure him that the folks back home are behind the game to the limit, and are going the full length of the road with him. If it serves these purposes the author and compiler will have been amply repaid.

The buff paper is used because it gives least pain to the eye while reading by lamplight, and it is hoped that the price of this edition is fixed at a figure that will prove burdensome to no soldier or his family.

Appreciative credit is sincerely given to Mr. LeRoy Huron Kelsey, of Kansas City, Missouri, Mr. Charles Arthur, of Indianapolis, Indiana, and the Rev. S. L. Essick, of Waveland, Indiana, for heretofore unpublished selections which, because of their especial appropriateness to certain phases of the subject the compiler has been quite pleased to use instead of writing upon such subjects himself.

The remaining selections not appearing under the name of the compiler, are used believing that they are old enough to be public property, and too good to be left out of a volume prepared for the purposes that this one is. Several se-

lections are used as "Anonymous," which the compiler regrets very much can not be credited to their respective authors, and for which full credit will be given in future editions if any reader can advise the compiler of the identity of the respective authors.

H. E. NEGLEY.

Indianapolis,
Indiana,
U. S. A.

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OCT 16 1918

Lieut. Col. John McRae was an English physician who served in the South African war as an artilleryman. He was on his way to Canada when the war began in 1914, and immediately upon landing entered the Valcartier Training Camp and was commissioned a Captain. He later joined the McGill Hospital Corps and went with it to France, where he rose to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and died in the service in January of 1918.

The inspiration for the poem appearing below under his name is thus explained by soldiers who served with Captain, later Lieutenant Colonel, McRae in the Flanders Campaign of early 1915:

"On Flanders front in the early spring of 1915, when the war had settled down to trench fighting, two of the most noticeable features of the terrain were, first, the luxuriant growths of red poppies appearing among the graves of the fallen soldiers, and second, that only one species of bird,—the larks,—remained on the field during the fighting, and who, as soon as the cannonading ceased, would rise in the air singing merrily.

H. E. N.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

LIEUT. COL. JOHN M'RAE .

In Flanders Fields, where poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived;—felt dawn;—saw sunset glow;
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders Fields.

1915.

The poem entitled "In Flanders Fields" was first brought to America by the splendid type of Canadian soldiers who came over into the States to aid in arousing the American people to the necessity for active and united action in preparing for participation in the war for the extermination of the Hunnish militarism then threatening all the world.

It was often used by a party of 21 Canadian veterans who came to Indianapolis in May of 1918, to aid in the War Chest movement for the raising of money for general purposes in relief work in the war; and the answer, appearing below, was written after the author had for some days been daily speaking from the same platform with these noble veterans, and had in addition, become deeply interested in the work of the British-Canadian Recruiting Mission as then operating in the United States.

AMERICA'S ANSWER

H. E. NEGLEY

We heed the call of Britain's dead
On Flanders Fields, where allies bled,
And died the death of soldiers brave.
The sacrifice supreme they gave
Where ran their blood like poppies red,
On Flanders Fields.

America now comes with all
Her manhood's flower, prepared to fall
If need be, to avenge the toll
Ye gave amidst the battle's roll,
On Flanders Fields.

With you we grasp the torch that came
Back from your dead; and with its flame
We light our nation's beacons bright.
In God We Trust. Our cause is right.
If we break faith, then be our shame
On Flanders Fields.

May 26, 1918.

DEDICATED
to

All our noble Allies who
Have held back the hordes of unspeakable
Huns until America can
Take her place
in
THE LINE.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE LOWELL.

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When the father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh! then please wauken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder and stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
 Of an English village-lane,
 And wall and garden;—but one wild scream
 Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
 Till a sudden gladness broke
 All over her face; and she caught my hand
 And drew me near as she spoke:—

“The Heilanders! O! dinna ye hear
 The slogan far away?
 The McGregor’s. O! I ken it weel;
 It’s the grandest o’ them a’!

“God bless the bonny Heilanders!
 We’re saved! we’re saved!” she cried;
 And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
 Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
 Had fallen among the men,
 They started back;—they were there to die;
 But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
 Far off, and the far-off roar,
 Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
 And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said: “The slogan’s done;
 But winna ye hear it noo,
The Campbells are comin’? It’s no a dream;
 Our succors hae broken through!”

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—
A thrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under the ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne*.
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful hearts were broken with tears,
As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

THE LINCOLN.

H. E. NEGLEY.

1809

Amid scenes that were modest and lowly,
 Came a Soul to the light of day.
 And the Star of the East, in its glory,
 Stood again in the azure way.

For a Child lay again in the manger ;—
 The manger of Destiny's shrine.
 And the life of the Nation in danger,
 Brought Destiny's Star to shine.

1830

And the Child came to manhood's relation,
 While the course of Destiny ran ;
 And came forth as the hope of the Nation ;
 God's noblest work :—A True Man.

1846

And The Man became strong and commanding ;
 And apace came the fateful hour,
 When, the rights of the people demanding,
 He stood up in his rugged power.

1860

And The Man was called up by the Nation,
 'Midst perils besetting it then ;
 When the scourge of a war's desolation,
 Was trying the souls of all men.

1865

And the Nation was saved from its peril,
 By the man of Destiny's call ;
 But The Man came forth martyrdom's idol.
 As Treason directed his fall.

1918

And the Soul of The Lincoln is shining
O'er America's destiny now;—
Though beset by foes base and designing,
To Jehovah in trust we bow.

1918.

Immediately upon Great Britain entering the World War which the Germans began in 1914, many valiant American citizens, incensed at the revolting atrocities committed by the Huns in Belgium and France, began enlisting in the British units every place in the world where such units were being formed. More than twenty-five thousand enforcees, and other thousands enlisted in Australia, South Africa, India and the other British possessions.

Upon entering the fighting zone they were subjected to considerable more or less good natured bantering over the fact that the United States were not then in the war nor apparently preparing to come in. For every jibe they received they only fought the harder, and stoutly asserted that America would be in before it was finished; always insisting that they had just "come on ahead to sort o' look the situation over." And from this they were dubbed "The Vanguard", by their British comrades.

THE VANGUARD

H. E. NEGLEY.

We can not stand idly by, they said,
While men and women are dying.
While the soil of a faithful land runs red
With the blood of a peaceful people, shed
By the murderous horde the tyrant led;—
And babes in torture are lying.

'Tis enough to know that the blood of man
Is shed by the Ghouls in Gray.
That a faithful nation has made its stand,
Where the Beast of Prey and his godless band,
With their ravage of death and the firebrand,
Come tramping in endless array.

Sufficient to know that the Hounds of Hate
Have carried the torch to the mine.
And enough to know that a martyred state
Is nobly bearing the monstrous weight
Of the ravenous pack without abate,
From its kennels beyond the Rhine.

'Twas the blood of the Anglo-Saxon cried
To the brother across the sea.
From the ground where it flowed a fulsome tide;
Where the flower of Britain's manhood died:—
Where the faith in the Living God was tried:—
Where the revel of death ran free.

Then all hail to the men who, one by one,
First hearkened the call of the blood!
The noble Vanguard from the western sun;
The American men who carried the gun
With their British brothers against the Hun,
'Midst the roll of the crimson flood.

1918.

"FUZZY-WUZZY".

Rudyard Kipling.

(Soudan Expeditionary Force).

We've fought with many men across the seas,
 An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not,
 The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
 But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
 We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
 'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
 'E cut our sentries up at Suakin,
 An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
 You're a poor benighted 'eathen but a first class fightin' man;
 We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed
 We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,
 The Boers knocked us silly at a mille,
 The Burman give us Irrawaddy chills,
 An' a Zulu impi dished us up in style:
 But all we ever got from such as they
 Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
 We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
 But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.

Then 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis an' the kid;
 Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.
 We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;
 But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
 'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
 So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
 In usin' of 'is long two-anded swords:
 When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush,
 With 'is coffin-eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
 'An' 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
 Will last an' 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are no more,
 If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore;
 But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair,
 For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square.

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
 An' before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
 'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
 An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
 'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb.
 'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
 'E's the only thing that doesn't care a damn
 For a Regiment o' British Infantry.

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
 An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
 You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke a British square.

KHAKI-YANK.

H. E. Negley.

(Begging Kipling's Pardon).

There may, of course, be other fightin' men,
 That fight and take the gaff as well as they.
 But fightin' seems to really pick up when
 The Khaki-Yanks have gotten in the fray.—
 They know the game right well, you may depend;—
 They're in to see it through, and mean to stay.
 So watch the way the Yanks get to 'em then;—
 They've hit the game their own peculiar way.

So here's to you, Khaki-Yank! You're in Europe raisin' hell
 With the Kaiser and his cohorts in a way that's good to tell.
 And this fight has been a needin' you for quite a little spell.
 You're a Fuzzy-Wuzzy fighter; and we think you're doing well.

There may, of course, be other soldiers who
 Are just as good, and just as keen and bold;
 But somehow, just a fleeting look at you
 Appears to knock a German soldier cold.
 If half the things we hear of you are true,
 Or half of them are taken as they're told;
 We know that you will make a record too,
 That's certain to shine bright as that of old.

So here's to you, Khaki-Yank! You're some bear cat in a fight.
 It's a man-size job you've tackled, but you're going at it right.
 That old line of Hindenberger fame is stretchin' mighty tight.
 You're a Fuzzy-Wuzzy fighter; and you're at it day and night.

The Hun has changed his mind about you now;—
 He's found you know the game as well as he.
 In fact, you've shown the dirty reptile how
 A man can fight, and keep his honor free.
 We're told that he is now free to allow:
 Such fightin' he had hoped to never see.
 So to you, Khaki-Yank, we make our bow.
 You're the wildcat's first cousin, we agree.

So here's to you, Khaki-Yank! With your own peculiar style.
 You're a first-class fightin' man, sir; and you do it with a smile.
 And we're thinking that the German will not want another trial;
 For the licking that he's getting now should hold him for a while.

You've done your bit before across the sea.
 You've mixed it with the Boxer at Pekin.
 You've sniped the Igorrot from tree to tree;
 And Aguinaldo took you for a spin.
 The Villa trip was just a little spree;—
 You're going back some day to bring him in.
 But the Igorrot, Greaser and Chinee
 Fought square, along the Hunnish pigs of sin.

So here's to you, Khaki-Yank! You're a first-class fightin' man.
 They tried hard to dub you "Sammy", but for that you wouldn't stand.

You are just our dear old fightin' Yank. The truest in the land.
 So here's to you, Khaki-Yank! You're a splendid fightin' band.

EV'RY BODY'S MUSS

H. E. NEGLEY.

I've been thinkin' some o' late
 'Bout the fellers fixed like me;
 Thet kin shin around fust rate,
 But ain't what we ust to be;
 Wond'rin' what we're livin' for
 In this time o' battle storm?
 Jist too old to go to war,
 An' too young to chloroform.

But I guess ther' ain't no use
 Growlin' 'bout th' will o' fate.
 Things aint like' to all come loose
 'Board the grand old Ship o' State
 Jist 'cause we can't be on hand
 Bright an' early ev'ry day,
 To trim sail, and see she's manned
 In a satisfact'ry way.

'Fore we git through with this fight,
 An' clean up that Kaiser cuss;
 Seems to me as if ther' might
 Be a job fer all of us.
 Mebbe 'twont be what we like,
 But we aint got time to chin.
 We're all hell-bent down th' pike;—
 Kaiser huntin' season's in.

Some kin fight and some must pay,
 An' we know without a doubt,
 That ther' aint no other way
 We kin git this war fit out.

We come in to see 'er through,
 An' we're stayin', thick or thin.
 Nothin' else wont ever do;—
 We jist simply *got* to win.

So ther' aint no use to kick
 'Bout the job that falls to us;—
 Tote a gun, or swing a pick;—
 This is *ev'ry body's* muss.
 Eatin' now is hard to git,
 So we might as well dig in;
 An' if she gets harder yit,
 Tighten up your belt an' grin.

1918.

ENGLAND.

GERALD MASSEY.

There she sits in her Island-home.
 Peerless among her Peers!
 And Liberty oft to her arms doth come,
 To ease its poor heart of tears.
 Old England still throbs with the muffled fire
 Of a past she can never forget:
 And again shall she herald the world up higher;
 For there's life in the Old Land yet.

They would mock at her now, who of old looked forth
 In their fear as they heard her afar;
 But loud will their wails be, O Kings of the earth!
 When the Old Land goes down to the war.

The Avalanche trembles, half launched, and half riven,
 Her voice will in motion set:
 O ring out the tidings, wide-reaching as Heaven!
 There's life in the Old Land yet.

The old nursing Mother's not hoary yet,
 There is sap in the ancient tree:
 She lifteth a bosom of glory yet,
 Through her mists, to the Sun and the Sea—
 Fair as the Queen of Love, fresh from the foam,
 Or a star in a dark cloud set;
 Ye may blazon her shame,—ye may leap at her name,—
 But there's life in the Old Land yet.

Let the storm burst, you will find the Old Land
 Ready-ripe for a rough, red fray!
 She will fight as she fought when she took the stand
 For the right in the golden day.
 Rouse the old royal soul; Europe's best hope
 Is her sword-edge for Victory set!
 She shall dash Freedom's foes down death's bloody slope;
 For there's life in the Old Land yet.

THE SOUL OF BRITANNIA.

H. E. NEGLEY.

There is life in the Old Land yet!
 And, ye Gods! How she stood the test!
 With the earth's bosom reekingly wet
 From the blood of Old Britain's best.
 When the flower of Belgium lay crushed,
 Then the Soul, as of old, throbbed its fire;
 And when Liberty's voice was near hushed,
 Then Britannia's Soul flamed the higher.

There is life in the Old Land yet !
Aye ! The life of the noble and true !
And the scourge of the tyrant was met
As life's noblemen only can do.
And when France, in her glory, stood fast,
While her life's blood ran streamingly red ;
Then the glory of Britain's bright past
Shone again o'er the field with her dead.

And America's sons should be told,
The full truth of the time when we fought
For our liberty, bravely and bold ;—
And the Soul of Old England distraught :—
With the agony born of the day
When the Prussian, with basest design,
Sought to broaden the despotic sway
Of his empire over the Rhine.

There was life in the Old Land then !
Though a German dishonored its throne.
And the Soul of Britannia quickened when
Our Columbia came fresh to her own.
And history's page in the future must give
To the Saxon blood o'er the great sea,
Full credit, that Pitt and his peers may live
In the hearts of the Brave and the Free.

1918.

ABE HACKER'S BOY.

H. E. NEGLEY.

Abe Hacker's boy was big an' strong,
 His feet was large, an' arms too long;
 He didn't hanker much fer work,
 An' Abe sometimes called him a shirk;
 But thier' was one who allus said:
 "Some day you'll be proud of our Jed."

He got on purty well in school,
 But now an' then he'd break a rule;
 Fer Jed was busy thinkin' out
 Some way to beat the game without
 Exertin' too much strength upon
 The job he happened to have on.

But I had sometimes noticed that
 Whatever Jed *was* workin' at,
 He done the very best he could.
 An' I had noticed that he would
 Work like tarnation when he got
 A job where headwork helped a lot.

Of course his mother allus knew
 A lot o' things the boy could do,
 That other people couldn't see;
 But that's the way all mothers be.
 An' she'd jist smile an' nod her head,
 An' say: "You folks don't know my Jed."

An' then ther' come that Aprile day
 When war was on, and hell to pay;
 An' our whole nation riz right up
 To smash that sneakin' Kaiser pup.

While ev'ry body talked out loud
'Bout how we'd clean that junker crowd.

Jis then young Jed come in frum town,
Where he'd been sort o' snoopin' round,
An' takin' notes on what he'd heard
About the way the thing occurred.
An' he was walkin' jist as though
He owned half inter'st in the show.

An' then he walked right up to where
His mother set a knittin' there;—
His eyes a shinin' like two stars;
An' snapped out, "Ma, I'm goin' to war."
An' "Ma" looked up frum where she sat,
An' said: "I knew my boy'd do that."

Ther' wasn't any sob stuff played,
Although old Abe looked some dismayed;
I guess because he'd never thought
About that boy the way he ought.
An' I could see, with half an eye,
That darned old fool was 'bout to cry.

But them was tears of joy I saw,
Fer Abe had fought up Kenesaw
With Sherman, an' he sure was glad,
To see the way that young Jed had
Signed right up on the 'listment roll,
As young Abe had in days o' old.

An' then I slid out the back door
To git about the evenin's chores;
An' as I went I heard "Ma" say:
"Ther' wasn't any other way
The boy could do an' be a Hacker.
We didn't raise him fer a slacker."

I kind o' grinned some at the rhyme
 I heard "Ma" makin' at the time;
 An' though I knew she didn't mean
 To make it sound the way it seemed,
 I couldn't help but think a poet
 Might have the gift an' never know it.

Au' then I jist concluded that
 Some day I might try *my* hand at
 A writin' o' that sort o' stuff;
 If I found somethin' good enough
 To jingle in a feller's mind
 Like Bret Harte, er them Riley kind.

An' 'twasn't long until the day
 Come 'round fer Jed to go away
 To camp; an' old Abe shorely tried
 His very darnedst fer to hide
 The choke that wanted to fill in
 Where nerve an' backbone once had been.

But that war mother jist reached out
 An' wound two lovin' arms about
 That boy she'd allus known so well:
 An' cried fer jist a little spell.
 An' then she looked him in the eye,
 An' said: "My soldier boy, good-by!"

An' next we knew, we heard the tramp
 Of Jed a marchin' off to camp;
 A steppin' out with shoulders square,
 An' whistling up a lively air,
 As free is if he might be then
 Jist startin' off to school again.

An' frum that woman's eyes it seemed
A fightin' spirit burned an' gleamed;

An' then I knew that she had sent
That boy o' hers, on warfare bent,
Fer babes an' women that lay dead
Along the path the Huns had led.

An' then it wasn't long until
We heard from Jed at Looeyville;
When he writ home to tell his Ma
'Bout bunkin' nights on hay an' straw;
An' "hikin'" all day long across
The hills behind a walkin' boss.

An' diggin' ditches, deep an' wide,
An' then a hidin' down inside,
Whilst other soldiers down the pike,
Marched at 'em a pertendin' like
That they was Germans, out to kill
A few Allies fer Kaiser Bill.

An' also jabbin' bay'nets in
A bunch o' sticks that might o' been
A German, but it wasn't; so
He done his level best to show
Jist how he'd stab 'em if he got
A chanet to mix up where 'twas hot.

But I guess Jed was makin' good,
Jist like his mother said he would;
Fer I was walkin' down the road
With Abe, when we met Lawyer Hoad;
Who's got a boy in business down
Somewhere in Cincinnati town.

An' Hoad commenced a tellin' Abe
 About how good his boy had made;
 An' how as he had got to be
 A d'rector in his Company;
 But Abe shot back, as quick as whiz:
 "Hell! Mine's a CORPORAL in his!"

An' jist a little later on;—
 Praps only about four months gone;
 Jed writ again to tell us how
 He'd got to be a Sergeant now.
 An' had to study day an' night
 To hold his new job down jist right.

An' Abe was braggin' 'round about
 The way the boy was comin' out;
 But that boy's mother didn't act
 A bit surprised about the fact.
 An' said to Abe one day: "You bet
 That boy's a goin' higher yet."

An' sure enough, one day she found
 A letter when the mail come 'round
 With Jed's handwritin' on it, plain
 As sunlight through the winder pane.
 An' when she'd read it through, she said:
 "Well, Abe, it's now 'Lieutenant Jed.' "

An' the next thing, a letter come
 That showed us Jed *was* goin' some;
 Fer don't ye know, that pesky scamp
 Had been sent up to Sherman camp!
 An' when *that* letter had been read,
 We found we must say: "Captain Jed."

An' then "Cap. Jed" come home to see
The folks; and sich a jamboree

Ye never see in all yer life;
Fer ev'ry body an' his wife
Come in to set around an' chat
About the war, an' sich as that.

Of course the Captain had to go,
When the end come to his furlough;
An' ev'ry body 'lowed that when
Old Uncle Sam could make sich men
As Captain Jed, frum what he had
To start on, it was not half bad.

But right here's where I'm goin' to quit
A tellin' how Jed done his bit;
Fer I'm a thinkin', 'fore it's through,
He'll have a plenty yet to do.
An' 'twouldn't s'prise Jed's Ma to hear
That he'd been made a Brigadier.

1918.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

LORD TENNYSON.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!” he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward the Light Brigade!”
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the lines they broke :
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered :
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,—
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade
O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade !
 Noble six hundred !

COUNTING THE COST.

H. E. NEGLEY.

When this war is over, what will it mean then
 To live in a country despised by all men?
 To know that the symbol of Cain has been burned
 On your brow, as a mark for the ages to spurn?
 Have you counted the cost in the end?

When this war is over, think you there will be
 A place on the face of the earth open free
 To the nation of brutes that crippled childhood?
 That ravished as only wild savages could?
 Have you pondered the Nations' decree?

When this war is over, then hope you to meet
 The civilized peoples, as gentlemen greet?
 With the blood of babes crying dark from the mold?
 With the murder of Edith Cavell on your souls?
 Have you counted the cost of defeat?

When this war is over, think you that the loss
 Of the nurses you killed while wearing the Cross,
 Will pass from the mem'ry of man in a day?

 Have you thought of the penalties yet to pay?
 Have you figured results by the cost?

When this war is over, then hope you to call
 On a humane God, from the depths of the pall
 Your demons have spread over Europe's fair face?
 You! Reviled by all men! The scourge of the race!
 Have you pondered the price of it all?

When this war is over, think you there is one
 Place in all the world that will welcome the Hun?
 Despised of man-kind! Of all felons, the worst!

Abhorred of the earth; and by Heaven accursed!
 Have you pondered your place when it's done?

1918.

WAR AGAINST BABYLON.

THOMAS MOORE.

“War against Babylon!” shout we around,¹
 Be our banners through earth unfurl’d;
 Rise up, ye nations, ye kings, at the sound²—
 “War against Babylon!” shout through the world!
 Oh thou, that dwellest on many waters,³
 Thy day of pride is ended now;
 And the darkest curse of Israel’s daughters
 Breaks, like a thunder-cloud, over thy brow!
 War, war, war against Babylon!
 Make bright the arrows, and gather the shields,⁴
 Set the standard of God on high;
 Swarm ye, like locusts, o’er all her fields,
 “Zion” our watchword, and “vengeance” our cry!
 Woe! Woe!—the time of thy visitation⁵
 Is come, proud Land, thy doom is cast—
 And the black surge of desolation
 Sweeps o’er thy guilty head, at last!
 War, war, war against Babylon!

¹Jer. 1,-15; ²Jer. 51,-27;

³Jer. 51,-13; ⁴Jer. 51,-11-12;

⁵Jer. 50,-27.

As it was in the day of Jeremiah, the Prophet,
 yea, so shall it be in the day of Jack Pershing,
 the Patriot.

H. E. N.

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE.

H. E. NEGLEY.

Onward, and onward, the gray hordes came,
'Mid crash of cannon, and flash of flame;
And dark, and darker, the heavens grew,
As near, and nearer, the battle drew
To the fated city beyond the Marne.

There were the homes of the valiant men
Who fought the foe in that shamble pen;—
Fighting, and fighting, when hope was gone;
Bleeding, and dying,—they still fought on;
Dying,—their hearth-stones to save from harm.

Loud the hoarse battle-cry swept the line:
“Remember Liège, and our babes behind!
Strike for the honor of France today!
Forget not Belgium's women who lay
Where the trail of the beast has led!”

“Strike, as ye hope for Heaven above!
Strike, in the name of the mother-love!
Strike, for virtue of innocent maid!
Strike, for the dead that the foe has laid!
Strike, for the blood of patriots shed!”

Bravely they fought in that seething hell,
Where the flower of France like heroes fell.
Where the soul of man was tried that day,
With a lust to kill, and the will to slay;—
And that crushing wave still rolling down!

The field lay deep with that gray clad crew;
And the day wore on, as they slew and slew;

With yet no end to the ghoulish clan
That swept down out of that blighted land,
Where all the vices of hell abound.

Deeper, and darker, the war-clouds rolled,
While red blood darkened the reeking mold.

They killed and killed, until reason reeled
At sight of the dead that piled the field;—
And they still saw the gray horde advance.

Like grass from sickle, they saw them fall,
As machine guns raked that dense gray wall.

Killing, till the streams ran red with blood;
And soil was soaked with the sanguine flood,
That was shed for the honor of France.

But the God of Hosts looked down at last,
When the hope of France was ebbing fast;
And the tide was stemmed by will of man,
With Jehovah's mystic unseen hand,
When Foch's center advanced again.

And Paris was saved in that frightful hour,
When the craven foe was forced to cower
Before the legions advancing then.

And the Soul of France grew brighter when
That charge was made by the brave Petain.

BACK TO THE LIGHT.

H. E. NEGLEY.

Bill, yer my pard, an' I know you will tell
 Me the truth; for don't I remember well,
 That ye stood beside at the time I fell;
 An' ye carried me back when the boche's shell,
 Put an end to my part o' the show.

But now I am back to the light o' day;—
 Just back from the shadow o' death, they say;
 A hopin' to soon be back in the fray,
 An' a countin' the days I've got to stay;
 But there's something I'm wantin' to know:

When the web in yer brain's got a wobbly wove,
 Might angels come down from Heaven above,
 With a velvet step, an' the voice of a dove;
 An' a touch that reminds o' mother love;—
 Could there such a thing happen to be?

An' ye feel the press of a saintly hand
 On yer brow, where the blast o' battle fanned;
 An' ye hear a voice from a fairy strand,
 Like the music o' harps in the Promised Land.
 Could the like o' that happen to me?

Yes, it happened, old man, just like it seemed;
 An' the things that ye felt ye might have dreamed,
 Were true; though the glare of the battle gleamed;
 An' the shell of the Hun in the midnight screamed,
 On its mission of hate and curse.

'Twas an Angel of Mercy that smoothed yer brow,
 An't it's God's own gift that she's with us now;
 An' the Master in Heaven alone knows how
 She's blessed by the depths of a soldier's vow.
 But they call her a Red Cross Nurse.

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN .

ROBERT BURNS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has often led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to Victory !

Now's the day, and now's the hour :
 See the front of battle lour :
 See approach proud Edward's power,—
 Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will draw our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurper low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Let us do or die !

A letter written by Sergeant Ira B. Grandy, of the 42d Ohio Volunteer Infantry, to his wife during the Civil War. This regiment was commanded by Col. James A. Garfield, afterward President of the United States. Sergeant Grandy, after the war, became prominent in the ministry of the Universalist Church, and died at Indianapolis, Indiana, on the 2nd day of March, 1906.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

"To My Wife:—

It is not that I fear you'll forget me,
I write you a line e'er I leave;
But merely to say,—if you'll let me,—
I hope that for me you'll not grieve.

I go where I think duty calls me,
To fight for the flag that I love;
And I trust that no harm will befall me,
While far from my home I may rove.

But e'er long I'll return to the "loved ones",
Whose welfare is nearest my heart;—
When war and its troubles are over,
No more from the "loved ones" I'll part.

Then let not the lisp of a murmur
Be heard; but with meekness submit.
For 'tis naught but the will of the Father,
Whose love we may never forget.

—
Forever thine,
Ben."

PEACE.

H. E. NEGLEY.

There is no peace, where hate
 and lust and crime abound;—

Where war is first, in thought
 and deed; and truth not found.

There is no peace, where Man
 betrays his Maker's creed;—

Where soul and self are sold
 to sate a Nation's greed.

There is no peace, where might
 makes right; and honor gauged

By selfish aims; and youth
 is taught that war is waged

As holy right. Where self
 and power tempt the mind

To deeds of blood, while love
 is dead, and virtue blind.

There is no peace, where
 nations stoop to violate

The sacred rights that God
 hath given sister states;—

That gold may flow in
 endless stream to their domain;

While dark despair, and vice
 and death stalk in their train.

There is no peace, where

Man is worshipped over God;—

Where Liberty lies crushed
 beneath despotic rod.

Where kings demand that
subjects gave their lives in turn
For conquest waged, that
Power's flame may brighter burn.

There is no peace, while crowned
heads play at pitch and toss
With human rights. While weeping
widows mourn their loss;
And Freedom's banner trails
the dust before the blast
Of fire and sword, that marks
the place where Hun has passed.

There is no peace, till God
hath laid his curse upon
The Beast in human form; and
Prussian rule is gone.
Till then we pray, and still
in honor's name fight on;—
Till Freedom's banner o'er
the Earth shall greet the dawn.

1918.

THE GREEN ESTAMINET.

"A. P. H." IN LONDON PUNCH.

The old men sit by the chimney-piece,
and drink the good old wine;
And tell great tales of the Soixante-dix
to the men of the English line.
And Madame sits in her old armchair
and sighs to herself all day,—
So Madeleine serves the soldiers
in the Green Estaminet.

For Madame wishes the war was won,
and speaks of a strange disease,
And Pierre is somewhere about Verdun,
and Albert on the seas;
Le Patron 'e is soldat, too,
but long time prisonnier,—
So Madeleine serves the soldiers
in the Green Estaminet.

She creeps down stairs when the black dawn
scowls, and helps at a neighbor's plow;
She rakes the midden and feeds the
fowls, and milks the lonely cow;
She mends the holes in the Padre's clothes,
and keeps his billets gay;—
And she also serves the soldiers
in the Green Estaminet.

The smoke grows thick and the wine flows
free, and the great round songs begin;
And Madeleine sings in her heart, maybe,
and welcomes the whole world in;

But I know that life is a hard, hard thing,
and I know that her lips look gray,
Tho she smiles as she serves the soldiers
in the Green Estaminet.

But many a tired young English lad
has learned his lesson there,—
To smile and sing when the world looks bad,
“for, Monsieur, c'est la guerre.”
Has drunk her honor, and made his vow
to fight in the same good way
That Madeleine serves the soldiers
in the Green Estaminet.

A big shell came on a windy night,
and half of the old house went;
But half of the old house stands upright,
and Madamoiselle's content;—
Tho shells still fall in the square
sometimes, but Madeleine means to stay,—
So Madeleine serves the soldiers still
in the Green Estaminet.

THE RECRUIT.

ROBERT WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Bedad, yer a bad 'un!

Now turn out your toes!

Yer belt is unhookit,

Yer cap is on crookit,

Ye may not be drunk

But, be jabers, ye lookit!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Ye monkey-faced devil, I'll jolly ye through!

Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Parrk!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"A saint it ud sadden

To drill such a mug!

Eyes front,—ye baboon, ye!—

Chin up,—ye gossoon, ye!

Ye've jaws like a goat—

Halt, ye leather-lipped loon, ye!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Ye whiskered orang-outang, I'll fix you!

Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

Ye've eyes like a bat!—Can ye see in the dark?"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Yer figger wants paddin'—

Sure, man, ye've no shape!

Behind ye yer shoulders

Stick out like two boulders;

Yer shins is as thin
As a pair of pen-holders!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!

Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

I'm dhry as a dog—I can't shpake but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Me heart it ud gladden

To blacken yer eye.

Ye're gettin' to bold, ye

Compel me to scold ye,—

'Tis halt! that I say,—

Will ye heed what I told ye?

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Be jabors, I'm dhryer than Brian Boru!

Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

What's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"I'll not stay a gaddin'

Wid dagoes like you!

I'll travel no farther,

I'm dying for—wather;—

Come on, if ye like,—

Can ye loan me a quather?

Ya-as, you—

What,—two?

And ye'll pay the potheen? Ye're a daisy! Whurroo!

You'll do!

Whist! Mark!

The Regiment's flattered to own ye, me spark!

THE OLD SALT.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER'S DAUGHTER.

I sez to myself once long ago:

“When this damned old cruise is done,
Ye'll be comin' to anchor for good and all—
Ye'll be quitting the sea, m' son!

A neat little cottage away in the hills

Will be your permanent craft,

’N a fence where the Morning Glories grow,

’N a garden fore an’ aft.

Away from the ships that come an’ go,

’N the sounds of the sea awash,

Where ye can be tendin’ the chickens, m’ son,

’N growin’ the beans an’ the squash.

So I’m here wid the house as I wanted to be,

’N mindin’ the garden ’n all,

But I can not be rid of the feelin’ that pulls,

’N the wee little voices that call.

It’s me that is waitin’ a sight o’ the piers,

The sound of the hawser a-strain—

The good shrill note o’ the Bo’s’n’s pipe,

’N the lift o’ the anchor chain.

It’s me feet are wantin’ the roll o’ the deck,

An’ its lonesome—sick I be—

For the ships that come ’n the ships that go,

’N the smart salt smell o’ the sea.

So I guess I’ll be leavin’ the cottage now,

’N’ the garden can go to Hell!

It’s shippin’ I am for the cruise again,

To be gone for a good long spell!

COURAGE.

S. L. ESSICK.

Do well that thing you have to do,—
 For to do well we must;—
 And as the earth you travel through,
 In God, the Father, trust.

Though hard the path may seem,—or strewn
 With briars,—clear the way!
 Press on! For many a path was hewn
 By him who spurned dismay.

God bless the men with courage strong,
 Who battle for the right!
 Who still can sing a cheerful song,
 When others flee in fright.

Who lift the standard high in air
 Before the fleeing van;
 Who pause amazed. Then do! And dare!
 As you, my brothers, can.

Do good, not seeking for rewards,
 Nor any burden shun;
 And in your souls the silver chords
 Of valor shall be spun.

Let not the false and fickle glow
 Of vain ambition cheat;
 And time will surely sift, I know,
 The chaff from out the wheat.

(1918. Used with author's consent.)

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THOMAS MOORE.

The Minstrel Boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
“Land of song!” said the warrior-bard,
“Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!”

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, “No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery.”

“Zero” is the sign or signal for an advance out of the trenches on the enemy.

“WAITING FOR ZERO.”

H. E. NEGLEY.

Waiting for Zero! And who may say
 How the moods and passions of men give play,
 'Mid the racking strain of the fateful day,
 That is set to go over the top?
 With nerves all keyed to the ring of steel;—
 With hell in the air till the heavens reel;—
 Havoc and ruin in front on the field;—
 While about us the bursting shells drop.
 Waiting for Zero! And who may know
 The thoughts of the man, as he waits to go
 Out in the open to grapple the foe,
 In the battle of hand to hand gage?
 Waiting, while shellfire screams in the air;
 Waiting, while over, the rocket's red glare
 Shows plain the massed foe awaiting us there.
 Oh, the waiting that covers an age.
 Waiting for Zero: 'Tis then we hear
 As the roar of artillery smites the ear,
 The rollicking jest that challenges fear,
 As the face 'mid the grime blanches plain.
 Waiting the word that will start us away,—
 “Over and at 'em”, and straight for the fray,—
 Grim and determined, and eager to slay,
 To the music of cannon's refrain.
 Waiting for Zero: The welcome sign,
 That at last comes flashing along the line,
 Firing the blood like a powder mine,
 With a “*Stand to! All out! Carry on!*”

Waiting for Zero! The sign of fate!

Waiting, with nothing to do but just *wait*.

Waiting, and waiting, and learning to hate;—
But we're over the top now,—*and gone!*

1918.

MY DOG.

SERGEANT FRANK C. M'CARTHY.

(American Expeditionary Forces.)

I found him in a shell hole,
With a gash across his head,
Standing guard beside his master
Though he knew the boy was dead.

Hell-was raining all around us;—
We could only lie there tight.

Got to sort of like each other
Through the misery of that night.

When I crawled back to the trenches,
And I took his master, too,
Frenchie followed. Guess he figured,
Just because of that, I'd do.

You wouldn't say he's handsome.

He's been hit a dozen times.
But when we boys "go over",
Over *with* us Frenchie climbs.

He has fleas, and I have "cooties",
He speaks French; I "no compree".

So the rule of fifty-fifty
Goes between my dog and me.

And when for home I'm starting,
If I live to see this through,
Just one thing is sure as shooting:
That my dog is going, too.

THE KAISER'S LAMENT.

H. E. NEGLEY.

I tought Me undt von Hindenburg, oder by shance,
 Had ut fixed to clean oop in a vink on dot France;

Undt I dinks ut vas mighty tam mean
 Dot dem Belgians make droobles ven ve shtart across;
 Undt git oudt in der vay, undt mit vun leetle toss,
 Trow ein moonkey wrench in der machine.

Den dot boob of a Rooshey coomes trampin' aroundt,
 Shust because ve vipes Serby clean off of der groundt;

Undt sooch droobles I neffer haf seen,—
 Ven dey swatted mein Austrian friendt in der neck;
 Undt shust 'cause I made of dot Boland a wreck,
 Trow ein moonkey wrench in der machine.

Undt but shtill I dinks yet I might all of dem beat,
 Undt ve vin oudt in time so dot dinner I eat

In dot Baris September sixteen;
 But dem Frenchers coome thick like der leafs on a dree;
 Undt by der Marne oudt coomes dot Yoffrey; undt *he*
 Trow ein moonkey wrench in der machine.

Den to make matters vorse, coomes dem Britishers in,
 Ven in droobles enough I haf alretty been;

Undt I durns Me mit enmity green.
 For I dinks dot no beezness dey got in dis game;
 But dey coomes right along; undt mit oudt any shame,
 Trow ein moonkey wrench in der machine.

So Me undt von Tirpits ve make oop a blan
 To make var in der sea to git beace on der landt;
 Undt ve sendts oudt ein beeg seobmarine.

Den dot Ooncle Sam feller gits all at vonce madt
 'Cause ve kills a few babies; undt von Tirpitz hadt
 Trow *zwei* moonkey wrench in der machine.

Undt den shust ven I dinks I got effry ding set,
 Dey kersmash oop mein army; undt vont effen let
 Mein beeg nafy coome outd undt be seen.
 So I dinks Me undt Gott must haf got in a yam,
 Undt der partnership's busted I shwear by Potsdam!
 By der moonkey wrench in der machine.

1918.

THE RAPE OF BELGIUM.

H. E. NEGLEY.

'Twas a ghoulish pack, as it took the track,
 That the Monster unleashed that day.
 With relentless gait, ran the Hounds of Hate,
 And a merciless lust to slay.
 'Twas the smell of blood, in its crimson flood,
 That beckoned them on to the fray;
 And ran with a will, and a thirst to kill,
 Those ravenous beasts of prey.

But the wild pack ran for the blood of man,
 As it nosed the ground for the chase.
 And its trail set clean, for the peaceful scene,
 Of the mart and the market place.
 Of the hearthstone where, with a mother's care,
 Lay the babe in a fond embrace.
 To the couch of maid, with purity laid,
 Came the ravishing pack apace.

With a baleful glee, ran the pack full free,
And its fangs glared drippingly red.
And its trail lay strewed with the corpses nude,
Of the maidens left stark and dead.
And the tender form, of the babe plucked warm
From the folds of the mother's bed;
With fiendish delight, in the darksome night,
To the gluttonous pack was fed.

And the hounds ran true, as the bugle blew,
From that kennel beyond the Rhine.
And true to the breed, and the master's creed,
Spared not either cottage or shrine.
But the course was run, when they met the gun,
Of the Belgians' immortal line.
And the day was saved, by the men who braved
That rush with its cruel design.

And the world shall give, whilst the ages live,
All acclaim to the Belgian men,
When they barred the way, on that awful day,
With their country a shamble pen;
As the gray ghouls came, like a flood of flame,
With a thirst to murder and rend.
And a wealth of prayer, for the women there,
Shall forever to Heaven ascend.

THE GIRL HE LEAVES BEHIND.

LEROY HURON KELSEY.

The father wears upon his coat a tiny little star,
To show he has a sturdy son in Freedom's holy war;
And proud he is that thus his name is borne into the fray
That helps to bring to all the earth a better, brighter day.
The mother bravely gives her boy, the idol of her heart,
Consoled if only he performs a soldier's valiant part;
She bids him go, with confidence that he will do his best,
And that, no matter what the trial, he will meet test test.

His brother and his sister, and his confidential friend,
Will each one mourn his leaving, and well-wishes will ex-
tend;

And many folks who knew him will regret to see him go,
While hoping he will quickly help to crush our country's foe.
But saddest of the partings, as the final moments come
When he must march at duty's call, to martial beat of drum,
Is for the little woman who has pledged her life to him,—
Who proudly speeds him on his way, though tears her eyes
bedim.

The father has his business cares, the mother has her home;
The brother and the sister have their friends who go and
come;

But through the months of faithful waiting, lonely and
bereft,

The sacrificial loss is for the wife or sweetheart left;—
For love divine has stirred her soul and hallowed all her
life,

And so her aching heart will yearn for ending of the strife,
With safe return of him she has on sacred mission sent:—
God grant he may come back to her as worthy as he went!
1918.

St. Joseph, Mo.

NOT MADE IN GERMANY.

LEROY HURON KELSEY.

The blatant claim is often made, with brazen arrogance,
That German wisdom and research have made the world
advance;

But when we start to itemize the things of greatest worth,
That benefit and comfort bring to people of the earth,
We do not find them emanating from Teutonic brains,
Although the Hun will utilize whate'er another gains.

The telegraph, the telephone, the engine run by steam;
Acetylene and kerosene, electric lights that gleam;
The ocean cable, and wireless, and e'en the phonograph;—
The motion picture, and, in fact, the common photograph;—
All these would still be hidden from the races of mankind
If their disclosure had depended on the German mind.

The telescope, the microscope, the antiseptic gauze;
The anaesthetic for relief of pain from any cause;
The principle of vaccination to prevent disease;
The decimal and metric systems which we use with ease;—
All these were given to the world by nations now at war
Against Teutonic doctrines, which we heartily abhor.

Our aniline for dying, and our rubber vulcanized;
Our automobiles and pianos, both so highly prized;
Electric cars and air-brakes, and the soft pneumatic tire;
The plate-glass in our windows, and our fences of barbed
wire;—

All these were ne'er discovered in the land of braggart Hun,
Although they try to fool us as to what they've really done.

Machines for reaping harvests and machines for threshing
grain;

The cotton-gin, the submarine, the bird-like aeroplane;
Machines for sewing clothing, and machines to count our
cash;

Machines to write our letters, all so neatly, in a flash;
These also might have never come to bless the human race
If other folks had waited for the Huns to set the pace.

E'en implements of warfare are not born of Prussian hands,
But they employ inventions that have come from other
lands;

Percussion caps, torpedoes, smokeless powder, dynamite,
And nitroglycerin or shrapnel, all so deadly in a fight;
The rifle, or revolver, or the quick breech-loading gun,
While widely used, were none of them invented by a Hun.

The Germans are mechanics, and are skillful in that line;
They copy work of someone else, and often do it fine;
But when it comes to doing things that never had been
done,

They simply are not in it, and no laurels have they won;
They talk of German "kultur", and they boast and strut
about,

But yet their big achievements are their pretzels, beer and
kraut.

St. Joseph, Missouri.

Appeared in July number of
The Bankers' Monthly.

1918.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

H. E. NEGLEY.

We have written of the mothers
 who have felt the bitter pain
Of the parting from the boy whose
 face she ne'er may see again.
We have sung of tearful sweet-hearts
 who have waved a fond "good bye",
But, what about the *wife* who
 watched the husband marching by?

We have sung the songs of
 mothers sitting by the fireside;—
Of the sweet-heart's faithful waiting
 through the perils that betide.

We have praised the loyal father
 who has watched his son march on;
But, what about the *loyal wife*
 whose helpmeet went along?

We have told about the
 sacrifice the loyal mother made.

We have blazoned wide her picture
 with the son she sent to aid
In the battle for humanity
 that's raging "over there";
But, what about the *wife*
 who sits beside the vacant chair?

We have preached the loyal
 sermons on our duty to the State,
We have harped about the fact
 that *our* sacrifice is great,

We have prated of regrets
because we can't be in it too;
But what about the *wife*
who's left alone to "see it through"?

We are standing by our armies
that have gone across the sea.
We are giving with a spirit
that is generous and free.
We are proud of all the Allies,
and we're proudest of our own;
But, what about the *wife* who
fights her battle here alone.

We get eloquent about the
perils of a soldier's life.
We give him our solicitude
amidst the battle's strife.
We make the welkin ring with
speeches telling what it's for;
But, let us not forget the
wife whose husband's gone to war!

1918.

THE MARINES.

(A Dam Site o' Excitement.)

H. E. NEGLEY.

If you're out hunting trouble in goodly amount,
And you care not so much how you do it;
Or should you, of danger, take little account,
The Marines will at once lead you to it.

When we find trouble brewing in any old place,
The Marines are right there to get in it;
And when somebody's wanted to first set the pace,
The Marines are on hand to begin it.

When old Vera Cruz needed cleaning, that day,
There was only one way to quick action;
So of course the Marines got the job straight away,
And the Greasers we drove to distraction.

If down somewhere in Cuba they kick up a muss,
And somebody is needed to clean it;
The Marines tackle in, without feathers or fuss,
And every one knows that we mean it.

And should Panama act like she's due for a jam,
Or if Mexico starts out to bump us;
The Marines must get onto the job at the dam,
Or we lose a dam site in the rumpus.

For what good's a canal, now, without a dam site?
And we'd better a dam site look after;
Than to lose a dam site, and get in a jam right,
With a bunch of red-pepper fed grafters.

So a dam site of value, we're bound to protect,
For we can't give a dam by donation;
And who but Marines would they dare to select,
To protect a dam site for the Nation?

But you ought to have seen what we did to the Hun,
The first time we got into the fracas!
For they learned some new games in American fun,
But they didn't know just how to take us.

And they seem slow to learn, and we think never will,
For the *taking* will all be on this side.
And we're out on the hunt for old Leather Face Bill;
So what are we offered for his hide?

1918.

THE SENTRY'S PRAYER.

H. E. NEGLEY.

A Lone Star beamed, with its cheery light,
From a peaceful sky; and its radiance bright,
Came down to the earth in its beauty.
Two sentries stood in the lonely night;—
Soldiers they were,—in the cause of right;
Each alert to the call of duty.

But the one looked out over No Man's Land,
Where the flower of France made its noble stand,
Midst carnage, and death and despair;
While the other stood guard on a peaceful strand,
Where the shriek of the shell in its fury fanned,
Sounded not on the still night air.

The prayer of the one, as he stool alone,
 Where the God of Battle was claiming his own,
 And the harvest of death was reaping;
 Went up to the Star where it brightly shone
 O'er the field where the cannon's sinister tone
 Came yet where the dead were sleeping.

“Oh, Ye God of Nations!” The message said:
 “Will he come ere long where the streams run red
 With the blood of my comrades brave?”
 “Can we hold the hordes by the tyrant led?”
 “Have we given for naught this toll of dead?”
 “Shall we perish with none to save?”

The soldier who stood by the quiet shore
 Read the message the Star in its radiance bore
 From the sentry among the dead.
 Then the Soul of Columbia quickened the more;
 And the answer went back: “We are coming o'er”;
 By the heavenly messenger sped.

The baleful course of the murderous Hun,
 By the Grace of God, is forever run;
 And the fate of the Beast shall be
 That which he covets: “A place in the sun”;—
 Yes!—A place at the mouth of a Belgian gun!
 And humanity shall be free.

1918.

DUTY.

H. E. NEGLEY.

Duty! That mystic word, standing for all,—
 All that the Nation may ask,—
 Of the man who answers his country's call,
 Or he of the homely task.

Duty! That test which the Nation demands
 To the full, of all today;
 Learning to do that which duty commands,
 And doing without delay.

Duty! That thing we must all of us know,—
 And knowing, do full well;—
 To the end that those we have called to go,
 If doubting,—may doubts dispel.

Duty! That slogan the soldier must learn,—
 Learn as a lesson of life;—
 Learn that 'tis only the patient who earn
 The plaudits in worldly strife.

Duty! The needle that points the course
 Of the cruise of life's short span;
 Nor seeks to question authority's source,
 But does the best that it can.

Duty! The beacon-light shining ahead,
 That lights the way to the end.
 Brightening the path where courage has led
 The men on whom all depend.

Duty! The word that calls for the best,—
 The best that we have to give;—
 Trying our souls with the crucial test,
 That the rights of man may live.

HE DOESN'T KNOW THIS WAR IS ON.

H. E. NEGLEY.

I know a farmer, blessed with means,
With cattle sleek, and pastures green,
A handsome home, and well kept lawn;—

But:

He doesn't know this war is on !

I know a doctor whom, it seems,
Is prospering beyond the dreams
Of any other in this town;—

But:

He doesn't know this war is on !

I know a man whose wealth was made
By discount hard, and shady trade,
And other means of less renown;—

But:

He doesn't know this war is on !

I know a man whose ample wealth,
His neighbors think he got by stealth,
And divers means that seem unknown;—

But:

He doesn't know this war is on !

I know a merchant of repute
Whose credit is beyond dispute,—
Whose word you may depend upon;—

But:

He doesn't know this war is on !

I know a lawyer, spare and lean,
With practice good, and *mostly* clean,
And fees the highest here around;—

But:

He doesn't know this war is on !

I know a banker down the street,
Who likes with ready palm to greet,
As customers are come and gone;—

But :

He doesn't know this war is on !

I know a man who prays so loud,
You look to see him soar the clouds,—
In golden chariot rise thereon;—

But :

He doesn't know this war is on !

And I've been thinking, now and then,
That we should have that sort of men
Interned before another dawn;—

Just :

To show them that a war is on.

1918.

“GIFTS.”

JAMES THOMPSON.

Give a man a horse he can ride,

Give a man a boat he can sail,

And his rank, his wealth, his strength and health

On sea nor shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,

Give a man a book he can read,

And his home is bright with a calm delight,

Though the room be poor indeed.

Give a man a girl he can love,

As I, O my Love, love thee;

And his heart is great with the pnlse of Fate,

At home, on land, on sea.

THE ORPHAN OF OLD MOBILE.

H. E. NEGLEY.

They were days of trial for the hearts of men;
And the Soul of the Nation sorrowed then;
But the Merciful Father, seeing all,—
Without whose ken not a sparrow may fall,—
Kept watch o'er the Orphan of Old Mobile.

His life was a narrow and cheerless span;—
For him no bright hopes for the future ran.
The whisper of mother-love, not for him,
He heard as he passed; and his eyes grew dim
With the welling tear of a mute appeal.

He knew that his country was rent by war,—
And little he knew what the struggle was for;
But even an orphan must sleep and eat,
So his papers he sold about the street
That his crust he might eat without a taint.

No pillow of down his to rest his head,
And no silken draperies graced his bed;
But he slept the sleep of the brave and true,
Hard by where the salten sea breezes blew,
Adown by the water-front, old and quaint.

Each day as he walked in the proud old town,
He gazed with awe at the Greys marching down,
In their endless tramp to the fields “out there”,
Where the smoke of battle filled the air.
And he pondered the “why” that men should fight.

And he saw the blanched face of the mother fair,
As reports from the front she scanned with care;
Firm in belief that the loved one she'd sent
Out to make battle,—with fullest content,—
Had made the sacrifice all for the Right.

But there came a day when the sky was black
With the war cloud's roll, and the Greys came back.
And then, in their place, came the Boys in Blue,
Swinging with martial tread onward and through,
With clank and clatter of glistening steel.

And the boy strode forth with majestic mien,
Where sat Colonel Perry, his aids between,
And demanded the rights of parley there,
And the fixing of terms, in honor fair;
As honor demands on the open field.

And the Colonel gazed with quizzical eye
At the tattered urchin, scarce stirrup high;
And demanded the terms the boy might choose,
To permit his tired army to use
His dear old Mobile for a camping site?

The parley began, as the forces stood,
With side-arms retained, as all parleys should,
And the boy agreed that the Blues might stay,
Provided he got three full meals a day
At the mess; and a place to sleep at night.

And the Colonel accepted the terms of peace,
And ordered that all hostilities cease
At the ramparts of Mobile Town that day.
And the Blues marched in by Dauphin Way,
As the Orphan of Old Mobile led on.

And the dawn of the orphan's day begun,
 When the Sixty Ninth adopted a son
 Who pledged his allegiance for weal or woe,
 To the Stars and Stripes, wherever they go,
 As the tides of battle are come and gone.

And the lad stood true to his pledges made
 To the Colonel 'neath the magnolia shade;
 And the boy of the street, as years went by,
 Was called to fill places in councils high,
 With a joy that only the good may feel.

And to-day, I strolled in the Halls of State,
 Of a Northland Commonwealth, rich and great;
 And the man I met there, of stately grace,
 With scholarly mien, and a kindly face,
 Was the tattered Orphan of Old Mobile.

1918.

NO MIDDLE GROUND FOR LOYALTY.

H. E. NEGLEY.

When Nations stand at grips of death, amidst the Battle's
 Pall;
 When Valiant Soldiers pray for aid, and Suffering Peoples
 call;
 When Hate and Crime usurp the place of Human Virtues
 grand;
 There isn't any Middle Ground where Loyalty may stand.

When Fear and Famine stalk abroad, like Monsters of the
night;

When Mothers, horror-stricken, weep at War's appalling
sight;

When Innocence is common prey, and Murder foully
planned;

There isn't any Middle Ground where Loyalty may stand.

When Virtue falls like a broken reed, and Famished Chil-
dren moan;

When Mercy leaves the human breast, and Malice reigns
alone;

When breaking hearts beat unison in every martyred land;
There isn't any Middle Ground where Loyalty may stand.

When Reason on her broken throne, gives way to Lust and
Greed;

When Avarice, with Power mad, makes helpless nations
bleed;

When Passion, with its iron rule, is riding in command;
There isn't any Middle Ground where Loyalty may stand.

When Nations' Manhood marches forth to cope with craven
foe;

When Womanhood gives up its all, and freely bids them go;
When Sacrifice exacts its toll, from us on every hand;

There isn't any Middle Ground where Loyalty may stand.

When Honor bids the nations arm, and save the Human
Race;

When Treason from her slimy lair begins to show her face;
When Patriotism only, stands against her Brigand Band;

There isn't any Middle Ground where Loyalty may stand.

THE SOUL OF A NATION.

H. E. NEGLEY.

Oh, thou supreme, unmeasured, intangible thing,
 That may sink to the depths, or rise to the steeple!
 That may grovel the dregs;—or with honor may ring;—
 The Soul of a Nation: The Will of its People.
 In the image of God, was the human race made;
 With a dominant will o'er all God's creation.
 And woe unto the man who shall dare to degrade
 The Will of a People: The Soul of a Nation!

It was given to man to serve in dominion
 Over all of the earth, to the glory of God;
 But despised of mankind is he who would pinion
 The free soul of a man under despotic rod.
 Deep down in the depths of the Soul of a Nation,
 There lies ever a power for good, or for ill;
 And cursed be the man who, for self exaltation,
 Molds the Will of a People to rend, and to kill!

1918.

EDITH CAVELL.

When the heavens above shall roll up as a scroll;
 When the waves of the ocean shall no longer roll;
 When the passion of hate shall no longer be known;
 When the seeds of discord shall no longer be sown;
 When the bright hues of nature depart from the earth;
 When the globe shall be circled in flame at its girth;
 When the grandeur of earth shall have perished by fire;
 When the souls of all men shall have mounted up higher;
 When the power of men shall no longer prevail;
 When the Kingdom of Heaven alone shall avail;

*May we then find in the pits of bottomless hell,
 The foul fiends of hate who killed Edith Cavell!*

1918.

H. E. NEGLEY.

HOW THE DEVIL DISCOVERED "KULTUR".

H. E. NEGLEY.

The Devil conceived the idea one day,
Of enlarging his realm in a practical way;
So he sent his Chief Imp out a spying,
To find just the place that would never say nay,
When accounts were cast up, and the Devil to pay,
And where crime ranged from murder to lying.

It must be a place that would welcome the rule
Of his Satanic Majesty's devilish school
Of diplomacy, false and maligning.
Where honor has come to be sophistry's tool,
And the troth of a nation submerged in the pool
Of chicanery, base and designing.

Where virtue has come to be reckoned for naught;
Where the vices of man are religiously taught;
Where debauchery reigns in the classes.
Where the smile of a king may be bartered and bought;
Where lust, and the horrors with which it is fraught;
Runs amuck with its rule of the masses.

He found a whole people all ready to sell
The soul of its honor to bottomless hell;
And become among nations a vulture!
Then the Imp scuttled back to Headquarters to tell
How he'd finished his work so exceedingly well:
"And they're calling this awful thing 'KULTUR'!"

"YOU".

H. E. NEGLEY.

If there shall be some who care not
For the heartaches left by You,—
Mind it not.

Rest assured that never henceforth
Shall such service as You do,—
Be forgot.

If You think we'll not appreciate
The sacrifice you made,
For our sake;
And You're thinking that from memory
We'll let your record fade,—
You mistake.

If You worry o'er the question
Of the job You left behind,—
While you're out?
Be content that Your's awaits you;—
There is nothing else in mind;—
Not a doubt.

For the man who filled Your place while
You went out to make his fight,—
Must not stay;
When You're mustered out of service,
And return with honors bright,—
On that day.

Well we know that in the future
Our affairs are Yours to run,—
Here at home.

And we'll try to have things ready
 For the Man Behind the Gun,—
 When You come.

This to YOU,—and God be with you,
 When you meet that craven foe,—
 “Over there”.

May the God of War protect You,
 Where the tides of battle flow,
 Is our prayer.

1918.

“WHAT DID DUGAN DO TO HIM?”

(ANONYMOUS AND OLD.)

If ye'll listhen for a moment
 Oi will tell to ye a shtory:
 It happened down at Flagerty's
 a wake ago tonight.
 They wair singin', they wair dancin',
 and all wair in ther' glory;
 Whin all at once it inded in a foight.
 Big Dan McCarthy tuk a shtick
 an' made a shwoipe at Dugan;—
 “What,—little Johnny Dugan?”,—
 Aye,—he shwore he'd tak 'is loife.
 “An' what did Dugan do to him?”
 He shwore he wasn't thrue to him.
 “Did Dugan owe him money?”
 Nah,—he shtole McCarthy's woife.

A SOLILOQUY

"C. P. T."

H. E. NEGLEY.

How thankful we should be, that some of us could be,
In line to get in with a glee;
And great be the glory,—though some predatory,—
Of the man who found C. P. T.

If the war should not ever be able to sever
The bonds, and set Belgium free;
We know, when it's over, we'll all be in clover,
With thanks to the grand C. P. T.

Our treatment is royal,—and sure we are loyal,—
The reason is not hard to see;—
Who wouldn't be grateful, if getting his plate full
Of luscious and soft C. P. T.

In schemes rather nifty, and plans that are thrifty,
I thought I knew all there could be;
But for the best showing, both coming and going,
I must recommend C. P. T.

It seems to be lawful, and yet it is awful,
Most all of us freely agree;—
The way we are lining our wallets with shining
Simoleons from C. P. T.

It won't bear inspection, but works to perfection,
In ways that are pleasing to me;
And I'm bound to win on this game, while I'm in on
The graces of old C. P. T.

It might not continue, so better get in you,
 Nor let opportunity flee.
 For when they get next to us we can't expect to
 Get away with our C. P. T.

1918.

REV. GABE TUCKER'S REMARKS:

(Anonymous).

You may notch it on de palin's as a might resky plan
 To make youah jedgment by de clo'es dat kivahs up a man;
 Foh I hahdly needs to tell you how you often come across
 A fifty-dollah saddle on a twenty-dollah hoss;
 An', wuhkin' in de low-groun's, you diskivah, as you go,
 Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in de row.

I think a man has got a mighty slendah chance foh heben
 Dat holds on to his piety but one day out o' seben;
 Dat talks about de sinnahs wid a heap o' solmen chat,
 And nevah drops a nickle in de missionary hat;
 Dat's fohmost in de meetin'-house foh raisin' all de chunes,
 But lays aside his 'ligion wid his Sunday pantaloons.

I neval jedge o' people dat I meets along de way
 By de places whah dey comes fum and de houses whah dey
 stay;
 Foh de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,
 An' de turkey buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
 Dey ketches little minnies in de middle ob de sea,
 An' you finds de smalles' possum up de bigges' kind o' tree.

This story is true in every detail of time, places and names.

TOM SMITH AND HIS PUP.

H. E. NEGLEY.

'Twas up on Cambrai front we lay,
Where the Mounted Rifles had fought their way,
That a baby came in the trench one night;
And he acted as though he had a right
To stay there as long as the rest of us.
So the 2nd adopted the little cuss.

But 'twas Old Tom Smith that took the part
Of the foster-father, right from the start;
And a loving parent Old Tom made,
But a h—l of a looking nurs'ry maid.
For Tom was certainly fifty and up,
And the babe was a tiny Belgian pup.

The mother came in from just "no where",
And the pup was born in the trenches there.
We gave 'em a dugout we didn't need,
And rustled around for a little feed;
And it wasn't long till the news got out:
"The 2nd's family is up and about."

There are lots of men as sour as sin,
Who never indulge in a wholesome grin;
But against the world we all could stack
Our own Tom Smith, the old lumber-jack.
For the grouchiest man on top of earth
You got in Tom Smith your money's worth.

He hadn't a chum in the whole outfit,
And that didn't worry Tom Smith one bit;
For there wasn't a man, from Colonel down,
That didn't admire the gruff old hound.
He was sour all day, and sore all night;
But, oh ye Gods! What a terror to fight!

And we all suspected that down below
The crust of illhumor he tried to show,
There was lurking there the soul of a *man*,
That might, on occasion, arise to command
Respectful attention from all his mates;
And bring us to love, who inclined to hate.

He jawed about every thing in sight,
And nothing that happened could be just right.
He swore at the weather, and cussed the grub,
And his temper was sweet like a grizzly cub.
In all the world there was just one thing
He worshipped, and that was General Byng.

The family thrived with the best of care,
For we found that they were getting a share
Of Old Tom's rations each time he drew;
And some of us saw it, and chipped in too;
Till the orders came to advance again;
And we had to desert our family then.

And Tom's good nature was little improved,
By the fact that the regiment had to move
Just when the puppies had gotten the size
To rustle around with their open eyes.
And all that brought in Tom Smith with a swing
Was the fact that the order came from Byng.

We left the family to shift there alone,
For we had troubles enough of our own,
 Along with chasing the Deutscher Hound
 Out of the timber and out of the town.
But they got too strong for us at the last,
And we had to fall back the way we passed.

We landed again on the same old line,
Where we'd left the family doing so fine;
 And we all were exceedingly pleased to find
 That all of the family left behind
Had stuck to the trenches like soldiers true,
And were barking loudly for Belglum, too.

And right away off, Tom Smith picked up
The meánest, grouchiest, fightin'est pup
 In the whole outfit; and we saw him then
 Head straight for his own particular den.
And then the adoption was signed and sealed,
Right there on the Cambrai battle field.

And from that time on, wherever Tom went,
The odds were a hundred and ten per cent
 That the pup was sure to be near about.
 And it wasn't long till we all found out
That the easiest way to start a row
Was to fail to respect Tom Smith's "bow-wow".

He made him a nest in his old knapsack,
And the pup went along on Old Tom's back
 Into every fight in that campaign.
 And the fact was soon to all of us plain
That in a real fight, Tom Smith and his pet
Were a migthy good pair to draw to yet.

But at last they got it, like all the rest;
And we thought that Old Tom had sure "gone west";
For one day they slammed us a mess of gas,
And it looked like Old Tom was sure to pass;
For we had to leave him and push the fight,
With the pup tied up in his knapsack tight.

But the Red Cross found him, dead to the world,
With the pup in his knapsack snugly curled.

But the little cuss had his head stuck out,
And was viewing the landscape thereabout.
So they carried him back with tender care,
With the pup still safe in the knapsack there.

And when Tom came back to the light of day,
The very first thing that he had to say

Was: "Where's my pup?" And demanded they bring
That pup right in, or he'd notify Byng.
And if they didn't he "never would stay
In their darned old shack for another day."

And Tom and his pup, along with some more,
Got Blighty, and headed for England's shore.

And he took in the sights of London Town,
But he always carried that pup around.
And when we left Buxton for Liverpool
Old Tom and the pup were still on schedule.

And just as the boat was ready to sail,
I saw Tom Smith leaning over the rail;
And the pup was barking defiance loud
At the friendly and noisy cheering crowd,
That was there to bid "God speed" on our way
To the good old harbor in Brunswick Bay.

But you never heard of a rougher trip
 Than the one we made in that old troop ship.

For the waves seemed to roll up mountain high,
 And some of us got sick enough to die.

But through it Tom tramped the deck of that boat
 With the pup tucked under his overcoat.

And the last we saw of our old comrade,
 When the parting came that is always sad,

He was headed straight for the big pine wood,
 Still hugging his pup as close as he could.

And we'd learned the lesson, in war's combat,
 Full well, that "A man's a man for a' that".

1918.

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT.

BEN KING.

If I should die tonight

And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
 Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—

If I should die tonight,

And you should come in deepest grief and woe—
 And say: "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"

I might arise in my large white cravat
 And say: "What's that?"

If I should die tonight

And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
 Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel,—

I say, if I should die tonight

And you should come to me, and there and then
 Just even hint 'bout payin' me that ten,

I might arise the while,

But I'd drop dead again.

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN.

H. E. NEGLEY.

Must children die, and mothers plead in vain,

Whilst in our fair land peace and plenty reign?
Where deep despair, and anguished death prevail,
Shall all the world look on without avail?

While tortured children beg for bread today,

Shall we, who bask in Plenty's soothing ray.
Look on while mothers' mute appeal strikes home,
And infants' maimed arms reach to plead we come?

When daughters droop, for worse than death endured,

Shall we, then, dare to rest in trust, assured
That Fate shall not bring honie to us, in time,
As Belgium now has felt that Hunnish crime?

Lest we forget, 'tis well we look beyond

That sordid page, where profits yet are conned ;
And see while yet we may ;—and hear the call
Of those who, while we tarried, gave their all.

All Europe doth now westward look for aid

To stay that rush of death, and ruin, made
By human hands soiled red with virgins' blood ;
Shed free amongst the heroes' sanguine flood.

Shall we forget the debt we owe to France?

Shall we refuse to Belgium's hope enhance?
Shall we break faith when Saxon blood is shed?
If so,—in truth America is dead !

Sept. 24, 1918.

THE CHAPLAIN.

H. E. NEGLEY.

SCENE: In the dugout, or
around the camp fire.

(Sergeant Hawkins)

Captain, we sure have got
 the only Chaplain in the bunch.
 He's hard as nuts at Christmas,
 an' he's always on the hunch
 To easy up the lot o' some
 poor blue despondent cuss,
 That's almost ready to give up
 an' blow the bloomin' muss.
 Remember you the day, back there
 at Rheims, when he turned up?
 Spic an' span, an' lookin' fit
 as Mulligan's prize pup?
 Well, jist sneak 'round an' take
 a look at that sky-pilot now.
 He ain't a "thing o' beauty", but
 he's "joyful" any how.

"What happened to 'im?" well, you
 know the Parson's always there,
 When things is doin' out in front,
 an' trouble's in the air.
 An' things was messin' up somewhat
 down there along the top,
 With Fritz's compliments a
 makin' every body hop;
 When 'long comes Mr. Chaplain
 threadin' down the trench to see

If any of us bloomin' blokes
 was needin' any tea?
He had 'er in a bucket in
 one hand, a steamin' hot;
An' in the other hand a
 big two gallon coffee pot.
And jist as he was gittin' purty
 close to where I stood,
I heard a howlin' Bertha come
 a tearin' through the wood.
An' she landed in the region o'
 the Parson, jist about;
For the mud and splinters sizzled
 all around the bally scout.
An' I think he must ha' summersaulted
 three times 'fore he lit,
But the tea was still a steamin',
 an' he hadn't spilt a bit.
An' he straightened up an' shook
 'imself, and sauntered back to me,
An' casual like inquired:
 "Would I like a sup of tea?"
An' I couldn't drink for laughin',
 for he surely was a sight;
An' if I'm not mistaken,
 he was mad enough to fight.
But he couldn't reach the geezer
 that had shot the bloomin' shell,
So he had to be contented
 with committin' him to hell.
But 'twas me that rendered sentence,
 in a rather forceful way,
Just to ease the Parson's mind o'
 things he didn't want to say.

(Private Dugan)

Well, see here, Sergeant Hawkins,
 how ye got a notion that
 Ye're the only gossoon 'round th' doomp
 that's got a right to chat
 'Bout the merits uv a Chaplain
 uv whom we're all so proud,
 That th' byes hov tuk to thinkin',
 'stid o' cussin' out loud?
 'Cause if ye hov it's toime ye'tuk
 anither think or two;
 For there's more uv us been watchin'
 uv that Parson than jist you.
 There's th' bye that's on th' livel,
 ivery toime we look;
 An' he's niver for prayzoomin' that
 ivery mon's a crook
 Jist 'cause he slips th' halter
 now an' thin whin things is dool,
 An' smashes into shmithereens
 some fool War Office rule.
 De ye moind th' toime that Flannigan,
 th' monkey faced ould mick,
 Wint back to town, an' tuk a drap
 too mooch, an' thot a pick
 Wus jist about th' proper tool
 to polish off a doomp,
 Where th' preincipal dayversion
 wus th' turnin' uv th' troomp?
 Well, uv coorse, it wusn't long
 till ould Flannigan's foine moog
 Wus ingaged in lookin' outside
 from th' insoide uv th' joog.

An' thin Flannigan got thirty days
 policin' top o' that,
 Which is wan kind uv policin'
 that a nick is no good at.
 But th' Chaplain couldn't bear to
 look upon th' sorry soight
 Uv an Oirishman a claynin' camp
 whose middle name wus foight.
 So he interviewed th' Keyrnul
 on th' soobject thin in moind;
 An' th' conversation thot insooed
 wus somethin' uv this koind:
 Says th' Parson to th' Keyrnul:
 "Oi wud shpake uv Flannigan?"
 Says th' Keyrnul to th' Parson:
 "Yis. Th' tarrier's on again."
 Says th' Parson to th' Keyrnul:
 "Moight Oi git 'im off agin?"
 Says th' Keyrnul to th' Parson:
 "Tak 'im an' begone again."

So if ye want to shtart a row
 at inny toime uv day,
 Just shlip around by Flannigan
 an' oondertak to say
 That ye know anither Chaplain
 that's a betther wan than ours;
 But in th' mane toime, till yer frinds
 to arder oop th' flowers.

(Lieutenant Chesterfield)

I am gratified to know that
 Private Dugan is inclined

To so forcibly express the
feelings we have all in mind.
For I am sure this regiment
may well felicitate
Itself upon the very pleasing
fact that up to date
We have the most delightful Chaplain
in this whole Command;
And in which I know I voice
the sentiments of every man.
I am sure we all remember,
with the keenest kind of joy,
How the Chaplain came among us
in the fight at Charleroi,
When the shrapnel shells were
bursting in a maelstrom on our line;
And we begged him to seek
safety in his quarters far behind.
How he answered that he felt he
"might be some assistance there";
And then he proceeded to
bestow upon us all the care
Of a Ministering Angel
in that inferno that day;
Where the soul of man was
sated with the awful lust to slay.
We all know that when a man is armed,
and dealing blow for blow,
Almost any man has courage
to stand up against the foe;
But the man of God who walks
unarmed amidst the battle's rage,
Is the man whose name should
shine in gold upon historic page.

(Corporal Jenkins)

But don't tell me that Chaplains
don't get mad enough to scrap;
For I saw ours made enough
 one time to clean th' map
Of every sneakin' Gray Back
 between 'ere an' old Potsdam;
An' I 'eard 'm speak a word
 that, mayhaps, was Rotterdam.
'Twas th' day that Little Jim
 got 'is at Armentieres,
That Parson slipped a cog, an'
 jumped th' traces then an' there.
For 'e loved Little Jim
 just like a father loves a son,
An' when they got th' boy, the
 Parson just picked up 'is gun,
An' slipped away to where 'e
 thought that none of us could see;
An' all th' time a mutterin'
 in a minor sort o' key
That sounded like 'e might
 be askin' 'elp from 'Im on high,
To 'old 'is trigger finger
 true, and sharpen up 'is eye.
An' 'e stooped an' grabbed a
 catridge belt from off a poor buckoo
'Oo'd paid th' proper penalty
 for gittin' out in view;
An' then slipped up to a
 peep'-ole that no one was workin' at;
Then sort o' settled down
 to watch'n that 'ole liek a cat.

So me an' Jock MacDougal
 sneaked around to take a look
 At a Chaplain snipin' boches
 'stead o' reading from th' Book;
 An' just take it from yer uncle,
 there's one preacher in this dump
 'Oo began 'is education
 shootin' squirrels on th' jump.
 For we wasn't long a waitin'
 till a Fritz popped up 'is head;
 An' 'fore 'e got it down
 again 'e'd got a chunk o' lead
 That must 'a' put religion
 in th' bloomin' bloody bum,
 For 'twas fired with th'
 spirit of th' 'Oly Wrath to come.

(Sergeant Fisher).

Say, fellows, there's another thing
 'bout that Chaplain I have seen:
 He may be non-combatant,
 but I've found him mighty keen
 On this little game of spying
 out the places where they hide
 Their confounded blooming snipers
 over on the other side.
 There was one of them got
 busy over there some time ago,
 And he made us keep to cover,
 I want you all to know.
 We had none of us discovered
 that our Chaplain was around;
 And it surely wasn't a fit
 place for Chaplains to be found.

But he sauntered down the trench
and took a seat beside o' me,
Where I was sitting quiet
like, with "Betsey" on my knee;
Which he took and looked 'er
over, and then shifted up 'er sights,
And he had a look about the
eyes that seemed as if he'd bite
With just a little aggravatin'
added to the score
Of accounts against the Fritzes
he appeared to have in store.
And then he sidled over
to a peep-hole in the top,
And poked "Old Betsey" through
it there, and got a careful drop
On a certain peaceful lookin'
bush about a mile away;
And then handed "Betsey" back to
me as much as if to say:
"A hint should be sufficient
for any man that's wise."
And I felt a little foolish
at the twinkle of his eyes,
And just a little nettled
by his quiet meaning smile.
So I gave my best attention
to that bush about a mile
Out across the valley yonder
where the hilltop seems to split;
And it wasn't very long
until I saw a rifle spit
Out from underneath that
bush with a vicious little snap;

And then "Old Betsey" cleaned
another Gray Back off the map.

(Corporal Donald MacDougal)

Herk ye, it's a' wi' gratefu'
he'rts th' Dominie we greet;
An' ilka man maun feel fou proud
th' Dominie to meet.
For a' th' time, thro' rain or shine,
he labours wi' his flock;
An' nane he passes;—Cockney, Mick,
American or Jock.
'Twad try th' he'rt o' saint to
leeve wi' bedlam sic as this;
But Dominie stalks thro' it a',
wi' a smile for hit or miss.
Th' warl hae a' wi' bluid rin red,
an' man hae sairly fallen;
But weel ye ken th' blessin's
say'd by men o' priestly callin'.
Oor Dominie's baith man an' maid,
wi' a' his mony duties;
An' nane ther' be to stick sae close,
save ane,—th' blawsted cooties.
I wadna think a man c'd be
sae owre fou o' glorie,
That a' th' time, thro' het or cauld,
on battle fields sae gorie,
He'd gang amang sic awfu' scenes,
where bluid hae rin like rivers;
An' nae hae turned wi' horror
back, nor failed his duty ever.
'Tis weel ye ken th' time
we met th' squairheeds at Vairdoon,

See dialect
key at end

When ilka man, save Hawkins there
 an' I, in oor platoon,
 Were either deed, or doun an' oot,
 an' Fritzes camin' still;
 An' nane were left but we twa
 there, to kill, an' kill an' kill.
 'Twas anely left th' twa o'
 us, an' amooneeshun slack,
 When cam alang th' Dominie
 wi' a lade upon his back
 That ony blawsted lorrie
 wad hae wurried same to hau';
 An' he tum'ult it atween us
 an' say'd: "Gie it to 'em a'."
 Th' Dominie is nae th' man
 to fecht for just th' love o't;
 An' when he cam amang us
 'twas nae like th' man to faut
 Th' blawsted baists o' boches,
 till he'd see'd th' bairnies wee,
 Th' bruits left weltherin' in th'r
 bluid, alang th' way to dree.
 An' then th' saul o' man nae
 mair c'd bear th' laithfu' secht.
 'Twas th' murdered bairns an' lassies
 that brocht Dominie to fecht.

"a' "	"bairnies"
all	children
"amang"	"bluid"
among	blood
"anely"	"brocht"
only	brought

“cam”	“hau’ ”
came	haul
“cauld”	“ilka”
cold	every
“deed”	“ken”
dead	know
“doun”	“lade”
down	load
“dree”	“leeve”
suffer	live
“faut”	“maunn”
fault	may or must
“fou”	“mair”
full	more
“fecht”	“nae”
fight	no
“gang”	“nane”
go	none
“gie”	“owre fou”
give	o'er full
“Herk”	“rin”
Hark	run
“he’rts”	“sae”
hearts	so
“hae”	“sic”
have or has	such
“het”	“same”
hot	some

“saul”	“tum’ult”
soul	tumbled
“secht”	“warl”
sight	world
“squairheeds”	“wadna”
squareheads	would not

(Vanguard Johnson)

I don't 'spose you "bloomin'" See vernacular
 Britishers have any sort o' care key at end.
 'Bout th' 'pinions of a "Van", but
 I' got some I'm goin' to air
 On this very entertaining subjeet
 now before the house;
 An' upon the which, up to this
 time, I've played the "little mouse".
 But when I blowed Arizonty,
 an' hiked out fer Winnipeg,
 I war jist a huntin'
 trouble, an' I didn't care a peg
 How nor where I first met up with
 that fair dame that turns us gray;
 But I've allus been inclined
 somewhat to sidle in my say
 'Fore the cayuse is unsaddled,
 an' we've knocked off fer th' day.
 So jist leave th' limit open,
 fer I'm comin' in to stay.
 An' jist take it from me pronto
 that th' one that's made a hit
 With me, is jist th' Padre that's
 a ridin' 'th this outfit.

Down where I' been punchin'
longhorns alongside th' Rio Grande,
There aint a powerful sight o'
need to have a preacher man;
An' to be exactly truthful
in th' premises at hand,
We appraise 'em like
incumbrances ye git 'long with yer land.
But here th' layout's howsomever
different, I find;
An' mebbe this here Chaplain's
of a different sort o' kind;
For I sabe what a vacancy
there'd be here 'round about,
If we found upon mañana
that th' Padre had lit out.
But that aint goin' to happen,
if I've got him sized up right,
For he knows that he's a
necessary adjunct to this fight.
An' he's not the sort o' hombre
that'd leave a job half done,
An' cut out fer greener pastures
when we've only jist begun
To git started on this pleasure
trip that Foch is goin' to run
To Berlin next spring, to
celebrate the passing of the Hun.
But,—gittin' down to cases,
an' takin' up th' slack,—
There's the man that's allus ridin'
true, an' never leaves th' track;
An' ye can't git out so early
ye don't meet 'im comin' back;

For I saw 'im turn a trick
I didn't know was in the pack.
It was up there 'long o' Vimy
when th' Devil was to pay;
An' th' Fritzes comin' thicker'n
chickadees along Broadway;
That a saw a bunch o' mavericks,
that didn't know the game,
Rush in where angels feared to tread,
an' purty soon they came
A huntin' fer home-base again,
an' steppin' mighty high,
For they must ha' got a warm reception
comin' thro' the rye.
But they hadn't made a water-haul,
when they come to check up,
For they'd brought a squarehead with 'em,
—a big measly lookin' pup,
That looked some like a cross
between a cayote an' a rat,—
With a special style o' beauty,
like the features of a bat.
An' they chucked 'im in their dugout
fer safekeepin' fer a while;
Thinkin' that a little solitude
might make 'im more do-cile.
But they didn't know th' animile
with which they had to deal,
For th' critter was about
as nice to handle as an eel.
Then they went an' brought th' Colonel
up to show 'im what they'd found;
An' they led 'im to th' dugout where
they'd left their Deutscher Hound.

But when they opened up th'
door to let th' Colonel in,
'The way that geezer sailed
among 'em surely was a sin.
An' he got a runnin' start
before they tumbled to th' fact
That their sideshow was a
biddin' 'em goodbye an' goin' back,
But he happened on the Padre
as he started down th' ditch,
An' I'm sure he wasn't lookin'
fer th' thing that caused a hitch
In his modus operandi;
but th' Padre tackled in
With what looked like jiu
jitsu, or a somethin' next o' kin.
An' th' way he turned that cayote
upsidedown was good to see;
An' a revelation even,
to a rustler such as me.
But, gentlemen, there are other
things that I've seen that man do;
And they've lightened up this hell
on earth like Heaven shining through.
Please uncover, while I tell you
of the things that I have seen
That our memories will treasure
till we're laid beneath the green:

I have seen him smooth the brow
of soldier wounded unto death;
I have seen him pray where
tortured man lay gasping for a breath.
I have seen him write the halting words
to loved ones over there.

I have seen him take the message
 for a mother bowed in prayer
 By the fireside back yonder,
 in the gloaming, where she waits
 For the boy whose welcome
 beckons her beyond the Golden Gates.
 I have seen him stand at midnight
 by a grave that held the all
 Of some loyal hearted mother
 who had heard her country's call.
 And the halls of great cathedrals
 where the pampered rich may kneel,
 Ne'er were graced with service
 equal to that here upon the field.
 These I've seen,—and seeing,—
 pondered on the call of man to fight;
 But if fight we must; may
 Heaven save the Chaplain's Holy Light !

1918.

“cayuse”	given by the British soldiers to the first Americans who enlisted in the British armies.
“mavericks”	“hombre” Spanish for “man”
“mañana”	“Padre” Spanish for “Priest” or “Preacher”
“modus operandi”	“pronto” Spanish for “quick” or “at once”
Latin for “mode of operation”	
“Van”	
Vanguard: A name	

THE OLD DINNER BELL.

H. E. NEGLEY.

Come all ye who sprang from the loins of the Nation;
Let us back to the farm where in boyhood ye dwelt.
And whilst we live o'er again childhood's relation,
Let us drink to the mem'ry of the Old Dinner Bell.

Once again let us travel our boyhood days over,
When we roamed in sweet freedom thro' glade and thro' dell.
With our hearts filled with joy,—and our hats with wild clover,
How we scampered straight home when we heard the Old Bell.

When boys were footsore, and the horses were weary,
And the water all gone that we'd brought from the well;
With the sun beating down, and our souls dark and dreary,
How we welcomed the sound of the Old Dinner Bell.

For a boy with stone-bruises, down-hearted and tired;
And all of the aches of which scientists tell;
There's nothing so soothing, nor half so desired,
As the sweet silv'ry tones of the Old Dinner Bell.

We have listened to Masters in music and singing,
Who have oft' thrilled our souls with melodious knell;
But 'twas not such a thrill as was caused by the ringing
Aloft on its pole, of the Old Dinner Bell.

WHEN WE'RE MARCHING DOWN THE MAIN STREET
OF BERLIN.

(A Song).

H. E. NEGLEY.

There's a War Lord due to tumble, in Berlin,
When he hears our caissons rumble, in Berlin.

Oh, we'll make that scrap of paper
Look like forty thousand acres

When we're marching down the main street of Berlin.
We are coming to make trouble, in Berlin.

Oh, we'll smash the Kaiser's bubble, in Berlin.

There's a day of dissolution
Coming to that blooming Prussian

When we're marching down the main street of Berlin.

There's a day of restitution surely coming on ;
Yes, a day of retribution, certain to come on.

CHORUS: With the Council of the Nations,
To fix terms of reparation,
You will find your Uncle Samuel sitting down.

We'll make Belgian the court lingo, in Berlin ;
And the Serb can preach his jingo, in Berlin.
When we're marching down the main street of Berlin.
Oh' we'll make the boches tremble, in Berlin,
When the allies all assemble, in Berlin.

With the kinglets all gone thither,
And the Kaiser hiking hither,
When we're marching down the main street of Berlin.

Tommy Atkins, we will meet you, in Berlin ;
Brother Poilus, we will greet you, in Berlin.
With the Crown Prince swiftly fleeing,
There'll be business there worth seeing,
When we're marching down the main street of Berlin.

There'll be no more Hohenzollerns, in Berlin.
 For we'll make the people sovereign, in Berlin.
 When this Junker's war is ended,
 And their tribe of hate is rended,
 We'll be marching down the main street of Berlin.

1917.

(Copyright, 1917)

THE RABBINICAL ORIGIN OF WOMAN.

THOMAS MOORE.

They tell us that woman was made of a rib,
 Just picked from a corner, so snug, in the side,
 But the Rabbins swear to you that this is a fib,
 And 'twas not so at all that the sex was supplied.

For old Adam was fashion'd, the first of his kind,
 With a tail like a monkey, full a yard and a span;
 And when Nature cut off this appendage behind,
 Why then woman was made of the tail of the man.

If such is the tie between women and men.
 The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf;
 For he takes to his tail, like an idiot, again,
 And makes a most horrible ape of himself.

Yet, if we may be judge, as the fashions prevail,
 Every husband remembers th' original plan;
 And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
 Why—he leaves her behind him as much as he can.

“HE COULDN’T LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.”

(A Song).

H. E. NEGLEY.

I knew a little emperor,—his name was Kaiser Bill;
And he couldn’t let well enough alone.

He had a mighty army, and he might have had it still;
But he couldn’t let well enough alone.

He had a little country that was doing very well;
He had a lot of people with a lot of stuff to sell;
He had a little nation that was striving to excell;
But he couldn’t let well enough alone.

CHORUS:

He couldn’t let well enough alone;
So we’ll have to take him off of that throne;
He had a nice army and a pretty little fleet,
And he had himself thinking that they couldn’t be beat;
But he couldn’t let well enough alone.

He had a little submarine of which he thought a lot;
But he couldn’t let well enough alone.
He made some liquid fire, and he made it rather hot;
But he couldn’t let well enough alone.
He made up poison gases, and he put ‘em in a shell;
He put a lot o’ spies to work at raising merry hell;
He did a lot of other things he wouldn’t want to tell;
But he couldn’t let well enough alone.

He meddled in the East, and he meddled in the West,
For he couldn’t let well enough alone.
He wanted to make trouble, and he surely did his best;
For he couldn’t let well enough alone.

He gathered up his army and he rambled into France;
He rambled onto Joffre, and he lost his only chance;
He didn't like the music, but the Poilus made him dance;
But he couldn't let well enough alone.

He took another look around, and gazed across the blue;
For he couldn't let well enough alone.
He saw the Land of Freedom, and he thought he'd take it
too;
For he couldn't let well enough alone.
He said we hadn't any ships and hardly any guns;
He sunk the Lusitania, and he thought it bully fun;
He taught us what we had to do to stop the bloody Hun;
For he couldn't let well enough alone.

FINAL CHORUS:

But he couldn't let well enough alone,
So we'll have to take him off of that throne,
He stirred up Uncle Sammy, and he surely "pulled a
bone",
For the Battle Cry of Freedom sounds in no uncertain
tone,
And we'll teach him to let well enough alone.

1917.

(Copyright, 1917).

WE ARE COMING.

(A Song).

H. E. NEGLEY.

We are coming, brutal Prussians,
 with our Pershing in the lead;
And we're longing for the day to come along,
When our Battle Cry of Freedom
 shall strike terror to your breed,
As above the caanon's roar you hear our song.
We are coming to make answer to
 your cry of hate and greed;
And we mean to stay till right has conquered wrong;
Till you're taught the lesson fully
 that a war can not succeed
For oppression of the weaker by the strong.

CHORUS.

There is not a bit of doubt
About the way it's coming out,
For your Uncle Sam is quite an organizer.
With the Fritzes in a rout,
You can hear the Allies shout,
When America starts out to get the Kaiser.

There's a million men preparing
 to make battle for the right;
And a loyal nation with them in the fray.
With another million waiting,
 if they're needed in the fight
To destroy the German military sway.

From the North and from the Southland,
 we are marching side by side,
To make common cause against a craven foe.
We have heard the call for succor,
 by the stricken nations cried;
And we're coming to give hope where now is woe.
We have joined the gallant nations
 for the human race allied;—
Where our duty calls we're all prepared to go;—
And we'll serve the cause of Liberty
 with allies true and tried,
Where the smoke of battle hovers thick and low.

1917.

“GO AND SEE DAD!”
(Anonymous).

I asked a young lady to wed,
And she very decidedly said:
 "Go and see dad!"

Now she knew that I knew
That the old man was dead;
And she knew that I knew
What a life he had led;
And she knew that I knew
What she meant when she said:
"Go and see dad!"

“ ‘WAY BACK IN INDIANA”.

J. MORRIS WIDDOWS.

You may talk about the Southland,
 where the balmy breezes blow
Over fields in Alabama where
 the cotton blossoms grow.
Or of California’s sunshine,
 where the roses ever bloom,
In one grand eternal summer,
 shedding out their sweet perfume.
There’s another scene that thrills me,
 springing from the fading years,
'Tis my early home of childhood,
 where I, through life’s joys and tears,
Heard the moaning and the sighing
 of the wind blow through the corn,
'Way back in Indiana, at the place where I was born.

Oh, it seems I hear the music
 of the birds among the trees,
And the chatter of the guineas,
 and the humming of the bees—
See the same old mellow moonlight,
 in the orchard by the lane—
Hear the splashing of the raindrops
 beat against the window pane,
See the wavy golden wheatfields,
 and the meadow by the road—
Making hay while it was sunshine,
 riding on the “biggest load”—
Smell the apple dumplings cooking,—
 soon I’ll hear the dinner horn,
'Way back in Indiana, at the place where I was born.

'Tis no fancy, or like bubbles,
 drifting out upon the air,
 For one moment glow with splendor,
 then they fly we know not where,
 But the scene is so enchanting—
 somehow all comes back today,
 Though I'm almost at the hilltop
 and my hair is turning gray.
 Still I see the picture plainly
 (now the place is in decay)
 And the ones who used to gather
 round the hearth are far away.
 But you'll find me when the trumpet
 blows on resurrection morn,
 'Way back in Indiana, at the place where I was born.

THE ORIGIN OF IRELAND.

(Anonymous).

With due condescension, I'd call your attention
 To what I shall mention of Erin so green;
 And without hesitation I'll show how that nation
 Became of creation the gem and the queen.

'Twas early one morning, without any warning,
 That Vanus was born in the beautiful say;
 And by the same token, and sure 'twas provoking,
 Her pinions were soaking and wouldn't give play.

Old Neptune, who knew her, began to pursue her,
 In order to woo her,—the wicked old Jew—
 And almost had caught her atop of the water—
 Great Jupiter's daughter!—which never would do.

But Jove, the great janius, looked down and saw Vanus,
And Neptune so heinous pursuing her wild;
And he spoke out in thunder, he'd rend him asunder—
And sure 'twas no wonder—for tazing his child.

A star that was flying hard by him espying,
He caught with small trying, and down let it snap;
It fell quick as winking, on Neptune a-sinking,
And gave him, I'm thinking, a bit of a rap.

That star it was dry land, both low land and high land,
And formed a sweet island, the land of my birth;
Thus plain is the story, that sent down from glory,
Old Erin asthore as the gem of the earth.

Upon Erin nately jumped Vanus so stately,
But fainted, kase lately so hard she was pressed—
Which much did bewilder, but ere it had killed her
Her father distilled her a drop of the best.

That sup was victorious, it made her feel glorious—
A little uproarious, I fear it might prove—
So how can you blame us that Ireland's so famous
For drinking and beauty, for fighting and love?

LINES ON JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

October 7th, 1914.

CHARLES ARTHUR.

I read a book th' ither night,
 That knockt dull care clean oot o' sight;
 Sendin' my wurries a' to flight;—
 Sweet "Afterwhiles."
 Makin' this life a season bright,
 An' fou o' smiles.

Burns sang o' love an' dear auld hame;
 Whittier fanned young Freedom's flame;
 Kipling hae gie 'en a worthy name
 To soldier's brave.
 Sage Markham earned endurin' fame
 With "Millet's Slave."

But Riley, you're th' bairnies' freen;
 Wandrin' wi' them thro' fields sae green,
 Speakin' their tongue fou sweet an' clean,
 An' rich and rare.
 In some quaint style that's a' yer ain,
 Beyond compare.

Yer sangs o' love, an' rhymes o' cheer;—
 "The Soldier",—never knowin' fear;—
 The "Orphant" lass, wee thochtfu' dear,
 Wi' sae much wurk;
 An' then that gem: "The Perfect Prayer",
 Brings light thro' dark.

“Wet Weather Talk”,—poetic treat,—
 It mak’s us smile at rain or sleet,
 An’ tak the bitter wi’ the sweet,
 An’ aye give thanks:
 The Lord mak’s roads to fit the feet,
 An’ steers oor shanks.

Well, here’s to yer guid health, an’ may
 Ye lang be spared to lead the way
 Wi’ oor wee bairns at bairnies’ play,
 At school or fair.

A Happy Birthday may ye hae,
 An’ mony mair.

* * * *

(Written October 7, 1917, after Riley’s death)
 We like to think on how ye fare
 Alang wi’ Burns away up there;—
 Swappin’ yer tales o’ “Grigsby”,—“Ayer”,—
 Dear bardie clan.
 An’ how ye’ll cock your lugs to hear:
 “A Man’s a Man.”

A blither couple couldna be,
 In that sweet land yont life’s rough sea.
 Frae cares an’ troubles baith scot free,
 An’ smart o’ feet.
 The Maister must hae smiled to see
 Sic cronies meet.



Judge James Hillary Mulligan was one of the most popular jurists in Kentucky, where renowned and popular jurists are many, served his country as Consul at Samoa, and died at Lexington on July 1st, 1915, at the age of seventy-one years.

IN KENTUCKY.

JAMES HILLARY MULLIGAN.

The moonlight falls the softest,
In Kentucky.

The summer days come oftest,
In Kentucky.

Friendship is the strongest,
Love's light glows the longest,
Yet wrong is always wrongest,
In Kentucky.

Life's burdens bear the lightest,
In Kentucky.

Home fires burn the brightest,
In Kentucky.

While players are the keenest,
Cards come out the meanest,—
The pocket empties cleanest,
In Kentucky.

The sun shines ever brightest.
In Kentucky.

The breezes whisper lightest,
In Kentucky.

Plain girls are the fewest,
Their little hearts the truest,—
Maidens' eyes are bluest,
In Kentucky.

Orators are the grandest,
In Kentucky.

Officials are the blandest,
In Kentucky.

Boys are all the fiest,
Danger ever nighest,—
Taxes are the highest,
In Kentucky.

The bluegrass waves the bluest,
In Kentucky.

Yet bluebloods are the fewest (?)
In Kentucky.

Moonshine is the clearest,—
By no means the dearest,—
And yet it acts the queerest,
In Kentucky.

The dove-notes are the saddest,
In Kentucky.

The streams dance on the gladdest,
In Kentucky.

Hip pockets are the thickest,
Pistol hands the quickest,
The cylinder turns the slickest,
In Kentucky.

The song birds sing the sweetest,
In Kentucky.

The thoroughbreds are the fleetest,
In Kentucky.

Mountains tower proudest,
Thunder peals the loudest,
The landscape is the grandest,
And politics,—the damndest,
In Kentucky.

This very expressive description of the beauties of the Texas Border is said to have been written by a private soldier, a member of the Sixth Cavalry, when the regiment was stationed at Ft. Brown a long time past. I regard it as unfortunate that his identity is not known so that proper acknowledgment could be given in this publication.

H. E. N.

HELL IN TEXAS.

(Anonymous).

The Devil in hell we are told was chained,
 And a thousand years he there remained;—
 He never complained, nor did he groan,
 But determined to start a hell of his own,
 Where he could torment the souls of men
 Without being chained in a prison pen.
 So he asked the Lord if he had on hand
 Anything left when he made the land?
 The Lord said: "Yes, I had plenty on hand,
 But I left it down on the Rio Grande.
 The fact is, old boy, the stuff is so poor,
 I don't think you could use it in hell any more."
 But the Devil went down to look at the truck,
 And said if it came as a gift he was stuck;
 For after examining it careful and well,
 He concluded the place was too dry for a hell.
 So in order to get it off of his hands,
 The Lord made a promise to water the land;
 For he had some water,—or rather some dregs,—
 A reg'lar cathartic, and smelled like bad eggs.
 Hence the deal was closed and the deed was given,
 And the Lord went back to his Home in Heaven.
 And the Devil then said: "I have all that is needed
 To make a good hell", and I think he succeeded.

He began to put thorns on all of the trees,
And mixed up the sand with millions of fleas;
And scattered tarantulas along all the roads;—
Put thorns on the cactus, and horns on the toads.
He lengthened the horns of the Texas steers,
And put additions on the rabbits' ears;
He put a little devil in the broncho steed,
And poisoned the feet of the centipede.
The rattle snake bites you,—the scorpion stings,
The mosquito delights you with buzzing wings;
The sandburs prevail, and so do the ants,
And those who sit down need halfsoles on their pants.
The Devil then said that throughout the land
He'd managed to keep up the Devil's own brand;
And all would be mavericks unless they bore
Marks of scratches and bites and thorns by the score.
The heat in the summer a hundred and ten,—
Too hot for the Devil and too hot for men.
The wild boar roams through the black chapparal,—
It's a hell of a place he has for a hell.
The red pepper grows on the banks of the brook;—
The Mexicans use it in all that they cook,
Just dine with a "Greaser", and then you will shout:
"I've hell on the inside as well as the out."

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THOMAS MOORE.

The time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorned the lore she brought me.
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the sprite,
 Whom maids at night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
 Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turned away,
 Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing?
 No, vain, alas! th' endeavor
 From bonds so sweet to sever;
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever.

LITTLE BREECHES.

JOHN HAYS.

I don't go much on religion,
 I never aint had no show;
 But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
 On the handful o' things I know.
 I don't pan out on the prophets
 And free-will, and that sort of thing,—
 But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
 Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
 And my little Gabe come along—
 No four-year-old in the county
 Could beat him for pretty and strong.
 Peart and chipper and sassy,
 Always ready to swear and fight,—
 And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker,
 Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
 As I passed by Taggart's store;
 I went in for a jug of molasses
 And left the team at the door.
 They scared at something and started,—
 I heard one little squall,
 And hell-to-split over the prairie
 Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
 I was almost froze with skeer;
 But we rousted up some torches,
 And searched for 'em far and near.

At last we struck hosses and wagon,
 Snowed under a soft white mound,
 Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
 No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
 Of my fellow critters aid,—
 I jest flopped down on my marrow bones,
 Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

* * * *

By this, the torches was played out,
 And me and Isrul Parr
 Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
 That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
 Where they shut up the lambs at night.
 We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
 So warm and sleepy and white;
 And *thar* sot Little Breeches and chirped,
 As peart as ever you see,
 “I want a chaw of terbacker,
 And that’s what’s the matter with me.”

How did he get thar? Angels.
 He could never have walked in that storm.
 They jest scooped down and toted him
 To whar it was safe and warm.
 And I think that saving a little child,
 And fotching him to his own,
 Is a derned sight better business
 Than loafing around the Throne.

TIED TOGETHER.

(Anonymous).

Meinheer Wilhelm Sappy,
 Married Fraulein Lizzie Snappy,
 A maiden very scrappy,—
 Full of fight!
 And since then it is related
 That this pair, so badly mated,
 Have a fine old row created
 Every night.

All the day long they are busy,—
 Are this Wilhelm and his Lizzie;
 But at night they'd make you dizzy
 With their tongues.
 There'll be curse and crimination
 In a Dutch accentuation,
 Till you're lost in admiration
 Of their lungs.

But last night as they were sitting
 By the fire, the thought went flitting
 Through her mind: They'd best be quitting
 All their strife.
 And so after much reflection
 On all matters in connection
 With the move, in deep dejection
 Said the wife:

“Now Vilhelm, vat I admire
 Iss dot dog undt cat, Mariar,—
 Vat can sit down by der fire
 Mid oudt a shpat.

Dey sit down nice undt keviet,
 Undt dey neffer raise a riot.
 Now vy can't ve two try ut,
 Shust like dat?"

"Yah", said he with rising ire,
 "Dot same dog undt cat, Mariar,—
 Dey can sit down by der fire;—
 Dot's all right!
 But, mein frau, I dinks you bedder
 Shust to tie dem two togedder
 Like ve are; undt den see vedder
 Dey vont fight!"

SHORT SELECTIONS.

A REAL SMILE.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It is easy enough to be pleasant,
 When life flows by like a song.
 But the man worth while
 Is the one who will smile
 When everything goes dead wrong.

For the test of the heart is trouble,
 And it always comes with the years.
 And the smile that is worth
 The praises of earth
 Is the smile that shines through tears.

WOMAN.
HER SPHERE.
(Anonymous).

They talk about a woman's sphere
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given;
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no;
There's not a life, there's not a birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth;—
Without a woman in it.

HER WILL.
(Anonymous).

When a woman wills, she will,
And you may depend upon it;
And when she won't, she wont,
And that's the end of it;
But when she wills and undertakes it,
It beats creation how she makes it.

OUR MOTHERS.
(Anonymous).

Now, boys, just a moment: You've all had your say,
While enjoying yourselves in so pleasant a way.
We have toasted our sweethearts, our friends and our wives;
We've toasted each other, wishing all merry lives;
But I now will propose to you the toast that is best—
'Tis one on a million and outshines the rest.
Don't frown when I tell you this toast beats all others;
But drink one more toast, boys,
A toast to—Our Mothers!

THE AMERICAN MEN.

LAURA ALBERTA.

Here's to the plain American men
 Of blood, and brains and brawn !
 Who honor the right,
 Hold sacred the fight,
 Once made at Liberty's dawn.
 For I'm an American girl, you see,
 And admire the men of my own country.
 When they're honest and brave,
 And their minds are clean,
 Our own are the best, the world has seen ;
 So here's a toast to them all !

THE "ELEVEN O'CLOCK TOAST".

COL. EDWIN B. HAY.

Upon the stroke of the mystic hour
 When the prayers for the absent are said :
 Brothers ! Somewhere fighting life's battles ;
 Brothers ! Somewhere sleeping with the dead —
 We give to them tender devotion,
 We sing to them fraternity's song.
 To the living — God's benediction !
 To the dead — sweet memories belong !

Oh Love, within thy charmed circle,
 Dwell the sweethearts, wives and our mothers ;
 Homage to them we feel in our hearts
 When the lips speak "OUR ABSENT BROTHERS !"

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